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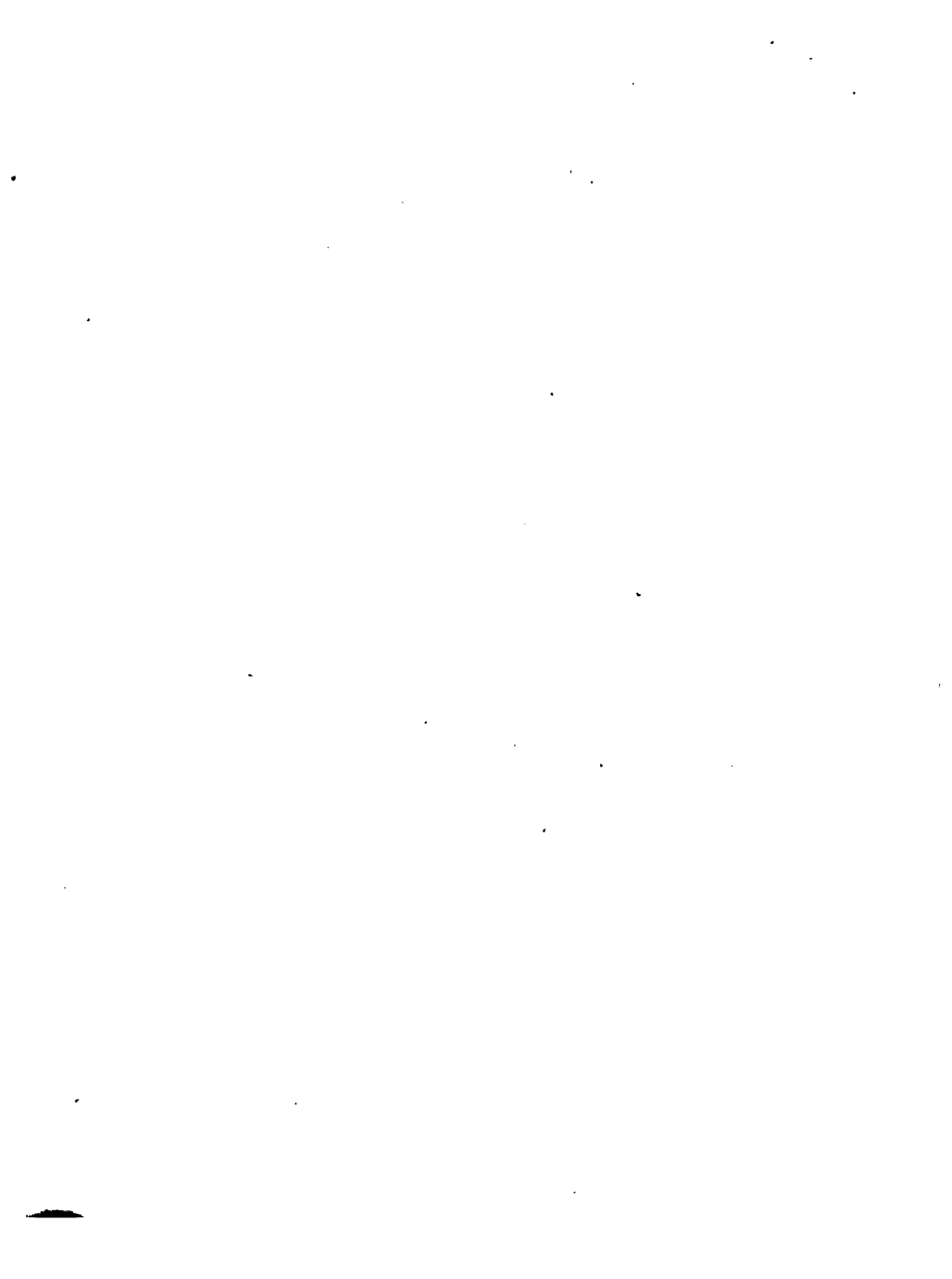
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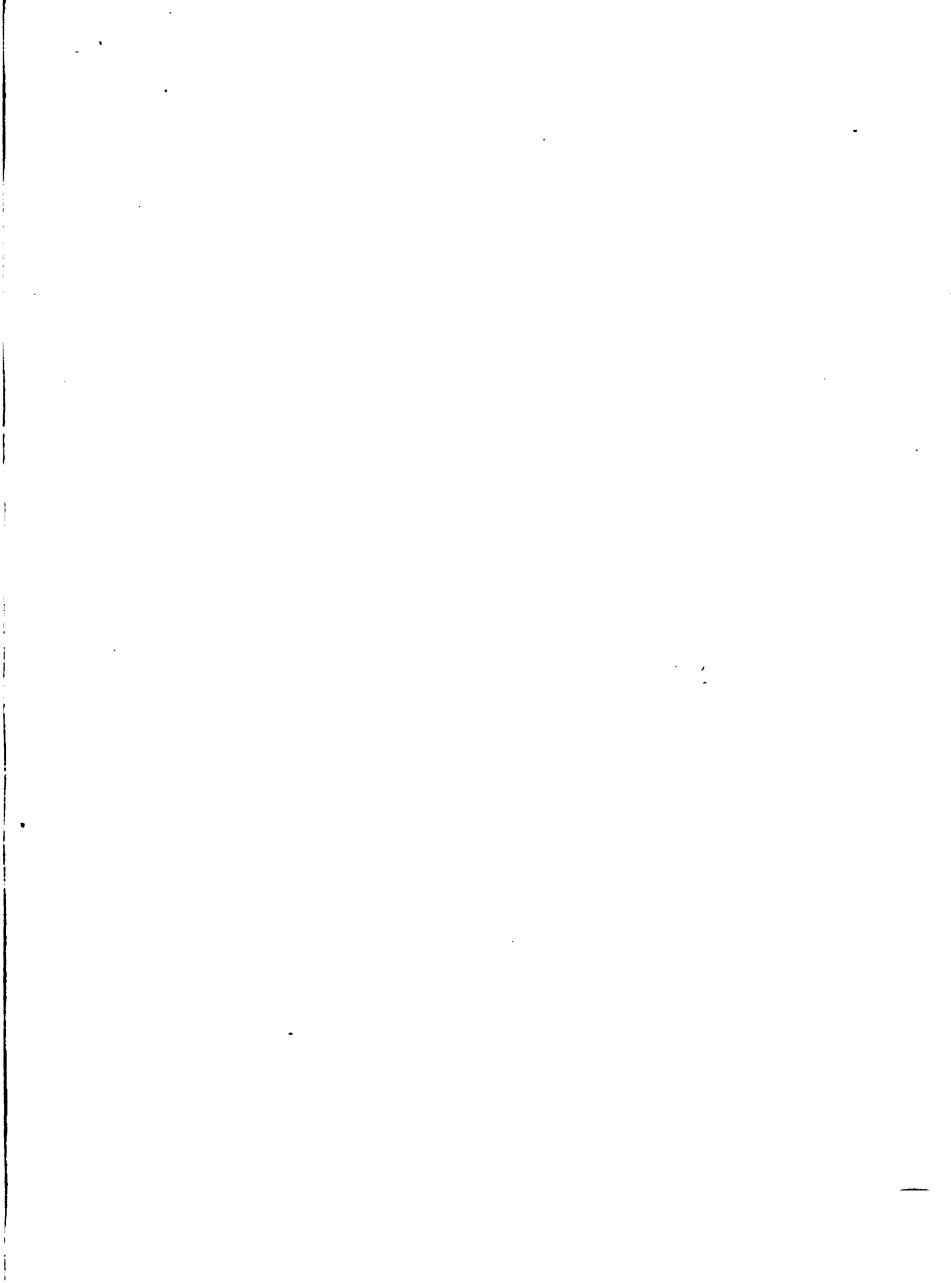
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Hop King





KILMAINHAM MEMORIES

*THE STORY OF THE GREATEST
POLITICAL CRIME OF
THE CENTURY*

With Many New and Important Details

BY

TIGHE HOPKINS

LONDON

WARD, LOCK, & BOWDEN, LIMITED
WARWICK HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

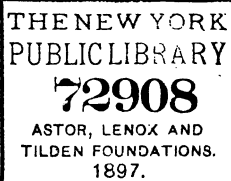
NEW YORK AND MELBOURNE

1896

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1897.

To

JOHN MALLON, ESQ., J.P.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I take leave to inscribe these "Kilmainham Memories" to you, who, in Hamlet's words, "with as much modesty as cunning," brought to justice and their doom these unhappy conspirators, whose hirers had abandoned, and whose fellows had betrayed them, but whose blood was surely none the less a just, inevitable forfeit.

Faithfully yours,

TIGHE HOPKINS.

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J 9 V M

P R E F A C E

THIS guilty chapter in the history of Kilmainham Prison, written in the autumn of last year for the *Windsor Magazine*, appeared in the April and May numbers of this present year, and was published in America in the *Cosmopolitan*. The interest stirred by it was immediate, and so considerable as to justify its republication in this new shape. The tragedy of the Phoenix Park, which, I believe, is told here with a more varied detail than has been given to it before, has a dismal potency of its own ; but I welcome this opportunity of acknowledging how greatly the narrative gained in colour and in force by the illustrations which I was able to secure for it. Most

of these were, and are, reproduced from photographs taken for me by Messrs. J. Robinson & Sons, of Grafton Street. The portraits of the Invincibles, identical with the original set in Kilmainham Prison, were kindly given me by a gentleman whose name I am not at liberty to disclose. For permission to introduce the camera (for the first time) within the historic walls of Kilmainham, I was indebted to the extreme courtesy of the General Prisons Board of Ireland. The two articles from the *Windsor Magazine* are reprinted with slight emendations; the supplementary chapter, headed "Appendix," has not been printed until now.

T. H.

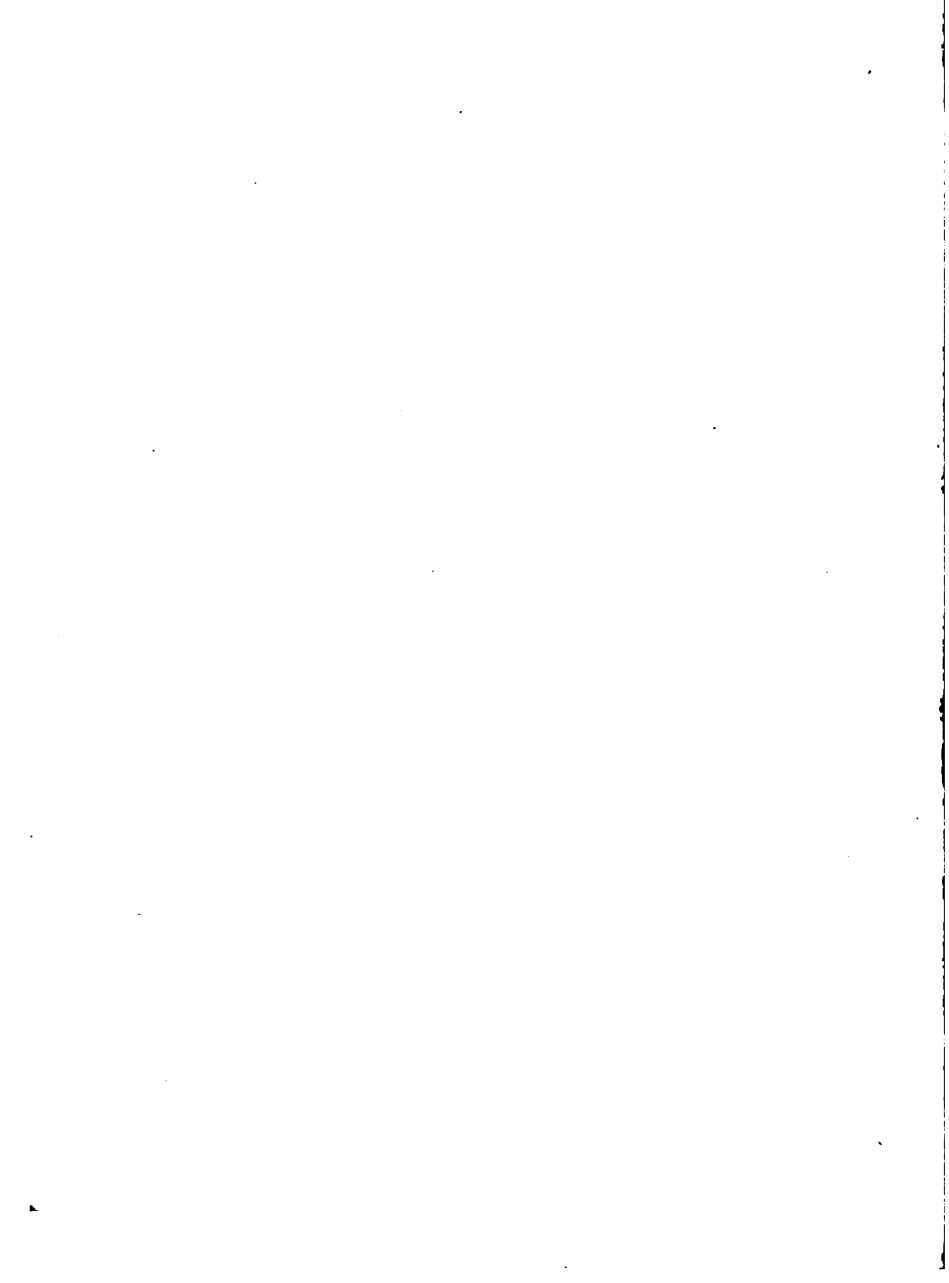
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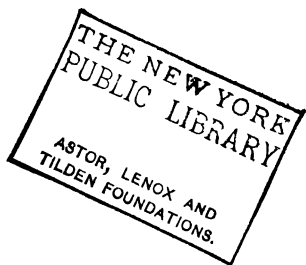
HERNE BAY,

June 1896.

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From a photo by]

[W. Lawrence, Dublin

THE LATE CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M.P.
(Born June 28, 1845, died suddenly October 6, 1891.)

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From a photo by [Robinson, Dublin.
**JAMES MULLETT'S HOUSE IN LOWER BRIDGE
 STREET.**



From a photo by [Robinson, Dublin.
KILMAINHAM PRISON GATE.

KILMAINHAM MEMORIES.



I.

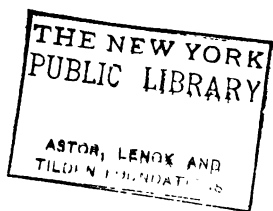
THE PRISON.

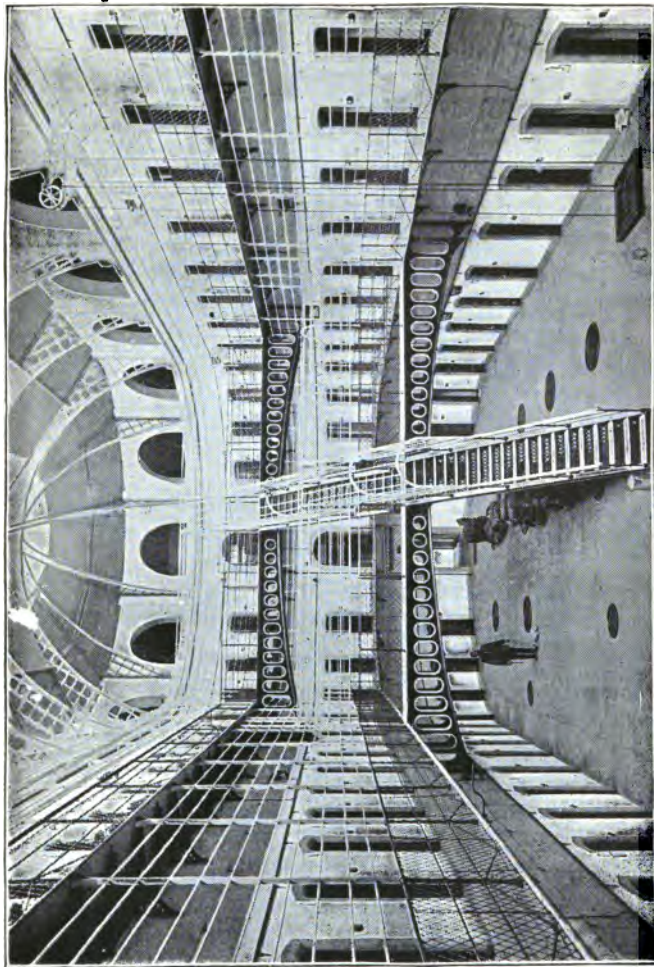
THE prison which has gained such a curious and extended celebrity through its associations with latter-day Irish politics and Irish political crime is in the outlying township of Kilmainham, in Dublin. The place is not great, but it has a great air. Of its external features the lofty gray wall of Irish limestone, about one-third of a mile in circumference, is the most imposing. It is evidence also of a certain antiquity, since walls of this height are not given to modern prisons. Except for its strength, the small main gateway is quite unpretentious: over it are the "Five Devils of Kilmainham"—five writhing scorpions, symbolical of no one knows what.

Kilmainham was originally the County of Dublin Gaol for males and females, but in the turbulent times of 1881 the necessity of providing accommodation for persons confined under the "Act for the Better Protection of Persons and Property in Ireland" determined the General Prisons Board to remove the females and constitute the prison one exclusively for males. It is now used for the reception of untried prisoners from the county and city of Dublin, for convicted prisoners from the county of Dublin, and for remanded and convicted prisoners from parts of several adjoining counties. It is a local, not a convict prison.

When the gate is passed the prison divides itself at once into two parts, the old and the new. The old side (which was the women's side in former days) has no very salient defects, and the cells, if less completely ventilated than those on the newer side, are spacious and well lighted. The modern side is about thirty-five years old, and has a remarkably fine central hall, where the cells, one hundred and six in number, rise in three opposing tiers. A better built hall than this is probably not to be found

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from a photo by

PRINCIPAL HALL IN KILMAINHAM PRISON.

[Robinson, Dublin.]

in any prison in the United Kingdom. In a quiet season discipline is easily maintained in Kilmainham. The staff of warders at present numbers only sixteen, and this serves for a full complement of prisoners.

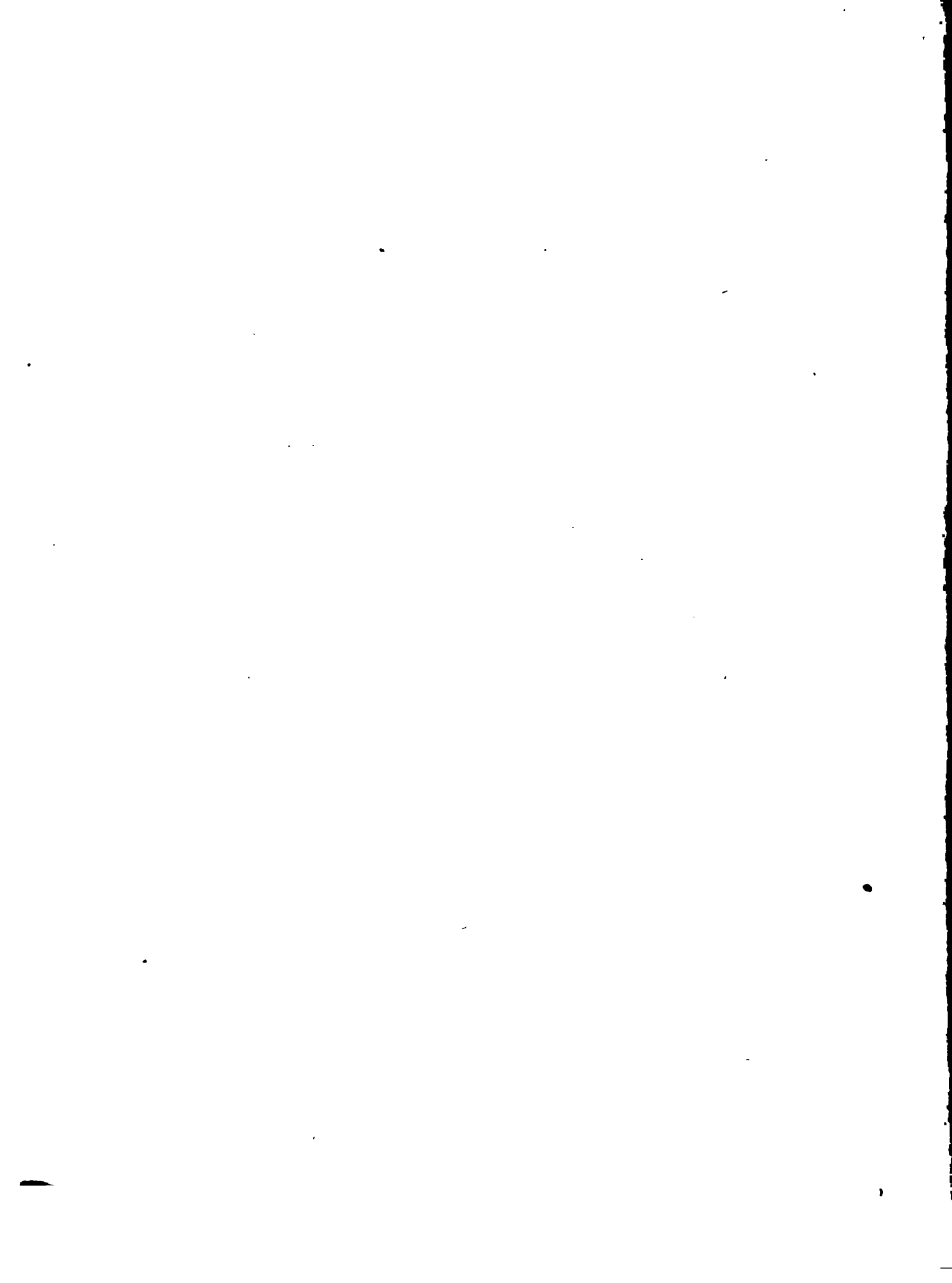
II.

MR. PARNELL AND THE SUSPECTS.

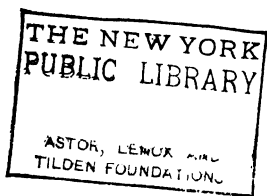
BUT Kilmainham underwent a very strange transformation about fourteen years ago. The period in Ireland was without a parallel in modern history, and equally without a parallel was the internal condition of Kilmainham. The great central hall, where scarcely a sound is heard but the measured voice of the warder, was noisy—and very cheerfully so—from morning until night. A long table down the centre of the hall was littered with the newspapers, magazines, and books of the day; draught-boards, chess-boards, backgammon-boards, and packs of cards. The same table at the dinner-hour bore a cloth of snowy linen, was decorated with fruit, flowers, and cut glass, and upheld a weight of excellent hot dishes and wines of many kinds. It might have been

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KILMAINHAM MEMORIES



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From a photo by]

[London Stereoscopic Co.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH, M.P.
(Assassinated in Phoenix Park, Dublin, May 6, 1882.)

a succession of Horse Show weeks in Dublin, and her Majesty's gaol of Kilmainham turned over to some enterprising caterer who had converted it for the nonce into an elegant hotel. It might have been, but it was not. Kilmainham prison was Kilmainham prison still, but with a rather considerable difference. The persons for whom games and the newspapers of the day were provided, and who fared thus sumptuously every day, were the political suspects whom a hostile Press (in England as in Ireland) represented as "pining in British dungeons."

It was an extraordinary time in Kilmainham. The prison had been emptied of its usual occupants—a few excepted, who were retained as cleaners and orderlies—and month after month it was crowded by the motliest assortment of native politicians and political agitators, many of whom were in the foremost ranks of the Land League, while of many others it could scarcely be said that they enjoyed even a local notoriety. They became great men, however, when they had "languished" for a month or two in the "dungeons" of Kilmainham; and

not a few of them, I believe, would very willingly have languished there for the remainder of their lives. There were amongst them members of Parliament, priests, solicitors, medical men, journalists, clerks, farmers, cattle dealers, tradesmen of all sorts, peasants, down to the humblest ; in a word, no class of persons connected with the Irish political movement of that time was unrepresented amongst the "victims of British tyranny" who were lodged for longer or shorter periods in Kilmainham. They must have been a good deal amused by what their friends outside were writing about them, and many a joke on the subject must have circulated in the prison ; for it is very certain that scores of these "suffering patriots" were better off in Kilmainham than they had ever been before. The Ladies' Land League kept their table furnished with the best, and no reasonable indulgence or recreation was denied them by their "brutal gaolers." The cells were changed into neat little bedrooms, a shelter was built in the large exercise yard, and another yard was laid with concrete to serve as a ball alley. Presents of books,

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[Robinson, Dublin.

THE INFORMERS' CORRIDOR, KILMAINHAM.



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[Robinson, Dublin.

EXTERIOR OF KILMAINHAM PRISON.

bedding, food, wines, spirits, and divers other pleasant things were forwarded by sympathetic and sorrowing admirers from the outer world, and it is even whispered that the patriots did not always go sober to bed—but this I take for fiction. The situation as a whole was nevertheless just such an one as Mr. Gilbert might have invented for a comic opera.

Imagine a governor and his staff of warders, accustomed to the routine and the rigid rule of prison life, brought to such a pass as this! The “brutal gaolers,” indeed, had a far less easy time of it than those who were nominally their prisoners. Precedents there were none, and counsel and advice were scarce. The suspects, though in custody, were never in close confinement; association between them was unrestricted, and they passed their time almost as it pleased them. Those of them who chose to give trouble to their guardians could do so to any extent, and there were patriots who seemed to think that the whole governing body of the prison, and the doctor more especially, were waiters in attendance on them. There

were of course gallant exceptions in plenty ; but the patriots were a heterogeneous party, and with the great power of the Land League behind them they were well aware that their position in Kilmainham was not an ordinary one. At this distance of time there can be little harm in saying that the actual state of affairs inside the famous prison was not exactly what it was represented as being, and that the authorities, so far from exercising a "tyrannous control" over the "victims who were helpless in their hands," were often all but nonplussed by the extreme novelty and awkwardness of the situation, and in general only too willing to leave the "victims" to their own devices. The prison—which was a not uncomfortable asylum for the humble and hungry patriot—was during the whole of this period a place of some danger for the governor and his subordinates. The possibility of assault from without was an ever-present source of anxiety, in preparedness for which a force of police was lodged within the walls, while a strong military guard was in reserve outside. No one at that time felt very certain of his life who was conspicuously

associated with Government, or who had any part in the administration of landed property ; and when the prisons began to be used for the reception of political suspects, those who were in charge of them entered at once into the common danger.

As tedious and exacting a duty as any that fell to the lot of the governor and his deputy was the supervision and control of the suspects' correspondence. A convict undergoing a sentence of penal servitude is permitted to write a letter once in three, four or six months, according to the class he has attained in prison ; but the suspects, needless to say, knew no such restrictions, and enjoyed the free use of their pens. It was no more than fair that the professional men, men of business and others, who were in prison on a mere suspicion of disloyalty, should be allowed the privilege of correspondence, but it was a privilege which imposed an immense amount of labour on the governor and his deputy. No prisoner, whatever the cause of his imprisonment, can send or receive a letter until it has passed under the eyes of the governor or his immediate representative,

and since many of the suspects had a large correspondence the duty of checking it was no light one. Often, indeed, the governor or the deputy, or both, sat through the night at this task, and in one prison or another during this period there were officials whose eyesight suffered a certain permanent injury.

It was on October 13th, 1881, that the great man of the movement joined in Kilmainham the colleagues for whom he entertained such a very moderate respect. Mr. Parnell's was the two hundred and twenty-fourth arrest that had been effected under Mr. Forster's Act since the beginning of March 1881. Suspect number 225 was Mr. James J. O'Kelly, M.P.; number 226 was Mr. Thomas Sexton, M.P.; and number 227 was Mr. William O'Brien.

It may or may not be remembered that on the afternoon of October 13th in that year Mr. Gladstone made a speech on Irish affairs at the Guildhall. With him were several members of his Government, and at an interesting and highly appropriate moment a telegram was handed to the Premier, who was in the act of speaking. It contained of course the

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THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER, M.P.
(Secretary of State for Ireland 1880-1882.)

[Russell.

news of Mr. Parnell's arrest, and Mr. Gladstone, as may be imagined, made a fine point for the gallery. The incident had all the appearance of a well-contrived effect—I happened to be one of the gallery—and this in truth it was, for Mr. Parnell was arrested, not at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, but at seven in the morning, and the Government must have had their information many hours before that little telegraph boy was brought so effectively upon the scene.

The details of Mr. Parnell's arrest have not, I believe, been published. He was staying at Morrison's Hotel in Dawson Street, and it was there that he was asked for, at seven on the morning named, by a trusted officer of the Dublin detective force. The waiter who was first interviewed declared that Mr. Parnell had "gone out for a bath." It seemed improbable, and the officer, disclosing his identity, gave the number of Mr. Parnell's room (No. 20, for the next curious visitor at Morrison's) and requested to be shown up there. He was begged to wait "just four or five minutes." "Not a minute, if you please," was the officer's reply. It is very

unlikely that Mr. Parnell, had he been warned, would have taken advantage of the warning, but in "four or five minutes" a sympathetic waiter might easily have drawn together a sympathetic crowd in the street, and the officer was single-handed.

However, he was shown up at once to No. 20. Mr. Parnell, who was still between the sheets, presented himself at his door in a moment in nether garment and slippers. The situation being explained to him he inspected the warrant, and said he must have time to write two or three letters. For fifteen minutes the officer paced the corridor, and then, as the crowd which he had feared was beginning to gather in the street, he requested Mr. Parnell to make a hurried toilet.

Hurried or not, when he came out of his room five minutes later he was as scrupulously dressed as always. The officer led him out boldly by the front door; there was no disturbance (to the chagrin, doubtless, of the sympathetic waiter), and they entered the cab which was in waiting. Mr. Parnell behaved throughout with admirable dignity and com-

posure, only for one moment showing signs of annoyance. He had written three letters, which he asked to be allowed to post with his own hand, a request which was repeated several times. "Presently, sir," said the officer, biding his time. For the officer it was a journey of some nervousness. He was carrying to prison, under the fiat of a Government detested by the strongest party in Ireland, the most powerful and most popular man in Ireland, and he was unsupported by any kind of escort. The whole "national" element in Dublin was vehemently against the law and its representatives, and as vehemently on the side of Mr. Parnell and the Land League. A word from Parnell as he was being taken through the streets and it would have been a hard matter to arrive with him at Kilmainham. There were a number of persons gathered about the Kingsbridge station, and had he merely shown his face and said, "I am under arrest," the cab would have been wrecked. He said nothing, and sitting well back in the vehicle seemed anxious that no one should recognise him.

Just beyond this point a company of the Guards turned out of the Royal Hospital and marched behind the cab. It was here that the prisoner, for the first time, vented a word or two of temper. "You said that I should post my letters," he said to the officer beside him; "you are deceiving me." "You shall post them in a moment, Mr. Parnell," was the answer. Kilmainham was reached almost immediately, and in the pillar-box against the prison Mr. Parnell dropped his letters.

Some dozen or twenty hawkers, labourers, and car-drivers recognised him here, and seeing that he was under arrest pressed forward to touch and speak to him. He drew back, and would give his hand to no one as he passed into the courtyard of the prison. With no less hauteur he entered the prison itself, and standing erect in the outer hall scarcely condescended to recognise those of his acquaintances amongst the suspects who advanced respectfully to greet him.

Indeed, from the first day to the last the "Chief" was as unapproachable in Kilmainham by the rank and file of his party imprisoned

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[Robinson, Dublin.

MR. PARNELL'S ROOM, KILMAINHAM



From a photo by]

[Robinson, Dublin.

with him as he had always been in the lobby or dining-room of the House of Commons. Within a few days of his arrival, in fact, there came to be an "Upper" and a "Lower House" in the prison. The Upper House was the portion in which Mr. Parnell and his few associates met and took their exercise, and rarely indeed did one from the Lower House venture unbidden within this privileged confine.

Mr. J. J. O'Kelly was the comrade whose society Mr. Parnell most affected, but he spent a great part of his time in his own room, and wrote much. It is almost superfluous to say that no rule of the prison was ever infringed by him, and that his conduct was never less than exemplary. The majority of the suspects were lodged in the central hall, but to Mr. Parnell was allotted a good-sized room in a quiet corridor of the prison, the two arched windows of which give on to one of the smaller exercise yards. Facing this room, by the way, is the cell in which the informer Carey was afterwards confined. The "Parnell Room," which was never a cell,

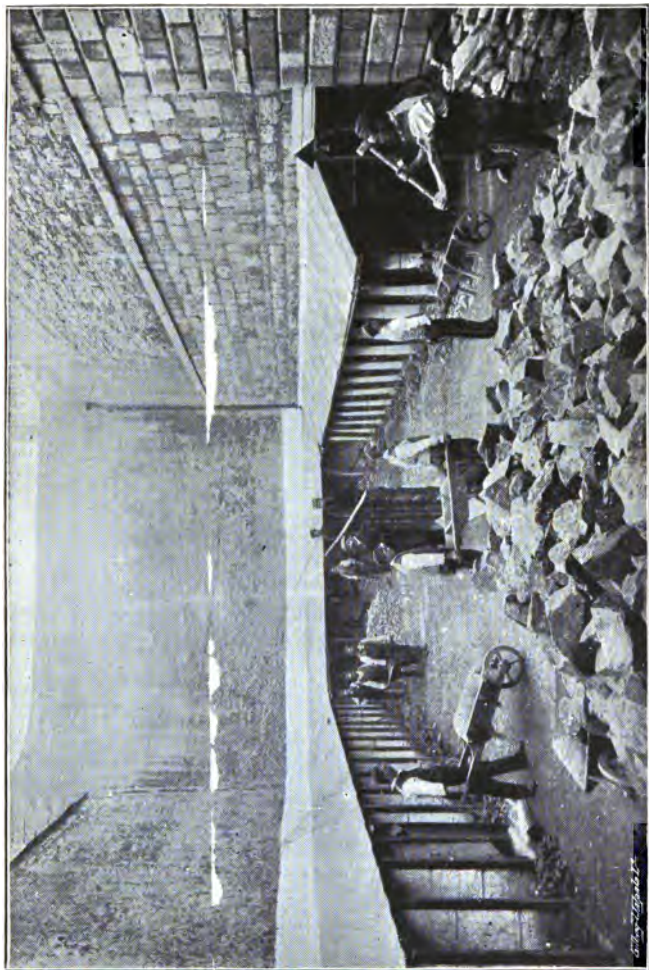
has been quite changed since that distinguished occupation, and is now used as an office of the prison and for consultations between prisoners and their legal advisers. Here it was that Mr. Parnell wrote the letter to Captain O'Shea, which was to become famous under the name of the Kilmainham Treaty.

Parnell himself in Kilmainham loomed larger than ever in the popular imagination; his celebrity grew with the days of his confinement; his name became trebly heroic. Gifts poured in upon him: flowers from London; fruits, game, and cases of champagne; books, bedding, slippers, dressing-gowns and coverlets of satin and eiderdown. His post-bag was enormous: letters of condolence, sympathy, admiration, adulation, indignation, and vituperation. Some of his correspondents praised, exhorted or abused him in verse; and there was one tirade commencing—

O Mr. Parnell, O Mr. Parnell,
Cease to do evil, and learn to do well!

A pseudonymous well-wisher, thinking per-

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From a photo by]

STONE-BREAKERS IN KILMAINHAM PRISON.

[Robinson, Dublin.

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haps that the seclusion of prison might conduce to a change of faith, sent him a very pretty little Roman Catholic manual of devotion, in ivory covers, with a copy of verses on the fly-leaf signed "Merva." It was shown me by the gentleman, an ex-governor of Kilmainham, with whom Mr. Parnell left it as a souvenir.

From first to last his behaviour in confinement was beyond reproach. He was patient of such restraints as his imprisonment involved, courteous and considerate to the least of the officials. To the majority of his companions in durance he was the sphinx that they had known before, unaltered and unmoved in that novel environment, and neither more nor less conciliatory than it was at all times and in all places his wont to be.

This singular chapter in the history of Kilmainham being closed, one may venture the remark that this particular phase of the policy of the Government towards the campaigners of the Land League was on the whole a mistake. It is easy talking fourteen

years after the event, but one may look back upon it at this day and ask whether all those arrests in all parts of Ireland—many of them, no doubt, rather arbitrary and ill-considered—had any appreciable result in weakening the power of the League ; whether, on the contrary, they had not a much more considerable result in strengthening it. The situation, however, will probably not repeat itself in our time.

III.

A NOTE ON CRIME IN IRELAND.

BY way of preface to the dark story that is to follow, a word may be said upon the general aspects of crime in Ireland. There is hardly any crime in Ireland. The entire convict population of the country, male and female, numbers fewer than five hundred persons. More than 82 per cent. of the convicted prisoners in Ireland are sentenced for terms of imprisonment not exceeding one month, while about 5 per cent. are sentenced to terms of imprisonment not exceeding three months. Drunkenness, larceny, and assault are the commonest charges in the calendar, and drunkenness is accountable for at least 50 per cent. of the convictions. In the whole of Ireland last year only a hundred and seven males and eight females were sent into penal

servitude, and the largest number of sentences were for the shortest term of penal servitude, namely, three years. These facts are not insignificant.

It is in truth a grateful and refreshing experience to pass from the casual study of crime and criminals in England to the casual study of crime and criminals in Ireland. There are no penal institutions in Ireland to compare with the superb prison at Wormwood Scrubbs (which the traveller to Dublin passes between Euston and Willesden) or with the great convict establishment at Portland; but the fact in explanation is that while we cannot do without these places in England they are not wanted in Ireland; and the further fact in explanation is that crime, as we know it in England, is practically non-existent in Ireland. Our great guilds of crime—the bands of professional burglars and robbers, the financial conspirators, the adept forgers, the trained thieves, the habitual leviers of blackmail, the bogus noblemen, parsons, and ladies of family, the “long-firm” practitioners, the hotel and railway sharps, the “magsmen,” “hooks,” and

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From a photo by
O'BRIEN'S (FORMERLY WRENN'S) IN DAME STREET.
(Where the Invincibles held general meetings.)



From a photo by
TAVERN IN NORTH KING STREET.
(Where the Invincibles held secret meetings.)

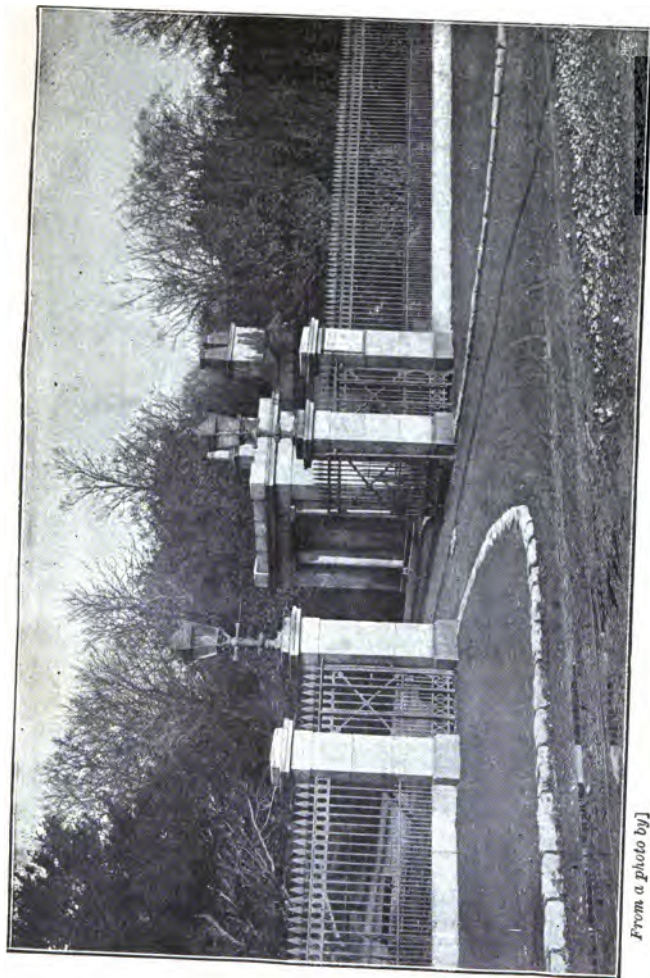
"bounces"—these are almost entirely unrepresented in Ireland. In a word, so far as habitual and professional crime is concerned, there is not as decent a country in Europe.

I have cited Portland as a typical English convict prison. I may name Mountjoy, on the outskirts of Dublin, as a typical convict prison of Ireland. I have been through and through both of them, and with strangely different feelings. In Portland I saw many hundreds of lean, bronzed and rather hungry-looking men in knickerbockers and worsted stockings, handling the pick, filling barrows, and harnessed with ropes to carts—armed warders over them—of whom many had made speeches in Parliament, preached from pulpits, sat in the seats of directors at company meetings, given dinners or talked in the name of charity at Exeter Hall. In Mountjoy I looked and asked in vain for gallant delinquents such as these. There is rarely an "interesting" prisoner in any local or convict prison in Ireland; if there be he is probably an Englishman. They are all quite fifth-rate offenders there, of poor and mean estate.

The educated and upper classes in Ireland do not take to crime, and there are really no professors of the criminal fine arts.

I gathered from many conversations on the subject with officials and ex-officials that discipline is easily maintained in the prisons of that "unruly and obstreperous" isle. There is doubtless a pattern "cat" in all those prisons, but I will venture the assertion that in every prison its lashes are clean of blood, inasmuch as floggings are almost unheard of. The deputy governor of Mountjoy could not recall for me an instance of corporal punishment.

It was necessary to be explicit on these matters. Ireland's crimes have nearly always been in a manner peculiar to herself, and those that have stained the pages of her history most deeply have been, almost without exception, crimes arising out of agrarian evils or deep-seated political discontent. Crimes such as these have been recorded against communities in which the general standard of morality was high, and in which all ordinary breaches of law were of extreme infrequency.



From a photo by]

CHAPELIZED GATE, PHOENIX PARK.

[Robinson, Dublin.

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J. L. LUTCH AND
ASSOCIATES
FUNDATIONS.

The extraordinary crime, the murder of a Secretary of State and his principal coadjutor (the story of which is to be told at some length), falls partly within the second of the categories just named, but is also in a measure, and even as regards Ireland, *sui generis*.

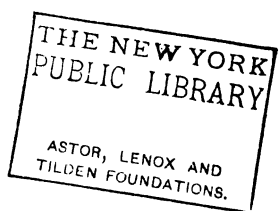
By the audacity of its conception and the ruthless manner of its perpetration, by the fine ingenuity which unravelled it all and brought justice to be avenged on the assassins, the tragedy of the Phoenix Park claims a great if not a solitary place in the annals of its kind.

IV.

THE PHENIX PARK MURDERS: THE CONSPIRATORS AND THE CON- SPIRACY.

IT was in December 1881 that the plot was hatched. The prime movers in it formed a small inner circle of the I.R.B., or Irish Republican Brotherhood. Several of them were old Fenians, and all were rebels. These men may be dismissed briefly and with a contempt which halts in the utterance. A viler set of craven conspirators never escaped the halter. It was they who in secret laid the first plans and found other creatures who were to have the working of them. When all was done they crawled one by one out of the country and left their victims to pay the score on the gallows or in the convict's cell. Of money there was abundance while the deed was scheming, but when the wretched murderers stood herded in

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JOSEPH SMITH.
(A workman at Dublin Castle
who pointed out Mr. Burke.)



JAMES FITZHARRIS
(*"Skin-the-Goat"*).
(Sentenced to penal servitude
for life.)



JOE MULLETT.
(Sentenced to penal servitude
for life.)



MYLES KAVANAGH.
(The car-driver, who died
shortly after his trial.)



EDWARD M'CAFFREY.
(Sentenced to ten years'
penal servitude.)



JAMES MULLETT.
(Sentenced to ten years'
penal servitude.)

the dock, to make what fight they could for their lives, the villains who had bribed and terrorised them to it threw them never a sixpence for their defence. The atrocity of the crime itself was fitly matched by the consummate poltroonery and treachery of the original plotters, not one of whom, unhappily, was ever brought to justice. Some of them are living, and America shelters—not very willingly, I daresay—the meanest, most pigeon-livered rascal of the gang. He has set his infamous name to an infamous volume, which calls itself a history of the Irish Invincibles, and which is a history of nothing but his own stupendous and cowardly ineptitude.

The physical force party in Ireland had been growing jealous and more jealous of the great power of the Land League. When the League was proclaimed certain members of this party put themselves in communication with a famous ex-Fenian, who was then exiled in Belgium. His counsel was to the effect that it was “useless to oppose the Land League.” This was little to the taste of the physical force men, and another move was decided on. The

scene shifts, and we come at once upon the principal actors in the tragedy that was shortly to follow. Behind them, safely squatted in the centre of the web, were the real setters-on of the affair ; but they have no further place in this story.

In the house, No. 41, York Street, Dublin, now a workmen's club, the scheme was brought to a head. It was here that the committee of the Invincibles held their first meetings. Two other houses knew them better a little later on—Wrenn's tavern (now O'Brien's) in Dame Street, exactly opposite Lower Castle Yard, which was the scene of the general meetings, and Little's in North King Street, where the secret meetings were held. The committee were a quartet : James Carey, Dan Curley, Edward McCaffrey, and James Mullett, chairman.

The society numbered about forty men in all, and, after the committee, the most notable members were : Joe B. , Michael Fagan, Bob Farrell, Patrick De , Delaney, M. Kavanagh, T. Martin, Joe Dwyer, L. Hanlon, J. Hanlon, James "Skin-

the-Goat"), Peter Doyle, Wm. Maroney, G. Smith, Joe Smith, Peter Carey (James's brother), Ed. O'Brien, Tom Caffrey, Henry Rolles, Joe Mullett the hunchback, and the lad Tim Kelly.

No secret was made touching the business of the society ; it was a murder society simply. Yet (to glance back a moment on the ^previous chapter) these were all "respectable" men. McCaffrey, I believe, had served a sentence of six months' imprisonment under the Whiteboy Act in 1867, but he was the only man of the Invincibles who had ever been in the hands of or known to the police. They had a clean record, and were free of all criminal associations. Of the committee, for example, Mullett, the chairman, was a thriving publican ; Carey, a member of the Town Council of Dublin, was a contractor and builder by trade ; Curley was a contractor and carpenter ; and McCaffrey had been a shopkeeper in a small way. I might run through the list were it worth while. Kavanagh and Fitzharris were regular car-drivers in Dublin ; Brady and Tim Kelly were both in steady employment, and vied with the informer Carey in their attention to

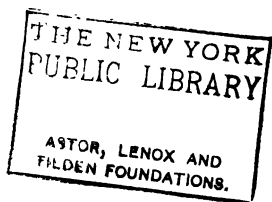
their religious duties, for they were official alms collectors in their respective churches.

But, having banded themselves in a murder society, these honest tradesmen were prepared to justify, and did justify, the society's existence.

There are strong reasons for the belief that the two murders which gave the Invincibles their dreadful notoriety, and which alone were brought to light, were not the only ones committed by them. Several deaths occurred in circumstances gravely suspicious. Two bodies were found in the Liffey, one of them being that of a youth with whom James Carey was known to have been in communication. Carey got himself appointed foreman of the coroner's jury, and a verdict of accidental death was returned. There were mysterious disappearances. Persons who were approached by the Invincibles, but who rejected the proposals made by them, vanished suddenly, and their homes knew them no more.

Was there any help for this? A society of murderers is in a parlous way when it has disclosed its objects to persons who are un-

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MICHAEL FAGAN.
(Sentenced to be hanged.)



THOMAS CAFFREY.
(Sentenced to be hanged.)



TIMOTHY KELLY.
(Sentenced to be hanged.)



DANIEL CURLEY.
(Sentenced to be hanged.)



PATRICK DELANEY.
(Sentenced to be hanged; but afterwards the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.)



JOE BRADY.
(Sentenced to be hanged.)

willing to share them. Such persons must be silenced, and is there other than one way of silencing them?

Meanwhile the Invincibles, in secret conclave in North King Street, openly discussed murder on the grand scale. Some three or four of the highest personages in England were first to be disposed of, and these "executions," to adopt the style of the committee, were to be followed by an imposing series in Ireland. Certain rumours reached the ears of the Dublin police, and warnings were sent to Scotland Yard. One man, traitor to the traitors with whom he was leagued, gave private information at the Castle, and a report was drawn up for Mr. Burke, the Under Secretary. He wrote across it: "These men may talk this and that, but they have not the courage of their words."

But the plot went forward. The English part of it was early abandoned, and the Invincibles thenceforth centred their attention upon the Executive in Ireland. What weapons should be used? Carey suggested knives, and knives were agreed upon as the principal

weapons. A dozen surgeon's knives, six small ones, and six of the largest pattern of amputating knives, were purchased at a shop in the Strand, in London, by a renegade Irish doctor. Twelve revolvers were bought at a shop in Oxford Street, and two Winchester rifles from a Bond Street gunmaker. These weapons, after being lodged for a time in an office in Westminster, were carried to Dublin by a woman in the confidence of the party, who made with them several trips across the Channel.

There was an air of business in this, and still the plot advanced unchecked. One chief officer of the Dublin police, seriously alarmed by secret intelligence of various sorts, actually applied for warrants for the arrest of nineteen men; but the application was refused. The Government in Ireland, bending all their powers to the question of the Land League, were not at all troubled about the obscure conspirators spouting murder in North King Street.

The next step was the selection of a victim, and Mr. W. E. Forster, then Chief Secretary

for Ireland, was the first marked down for death.

If at this or any later point in the story the question be asked, What were the true motives that embarked these Dublin tradesmen, warehouse lads, and car-drivers in this desperately callous undertaking? no satisfactory answer can be furnished. None ever was furnished. Carey, interrogated in his cell in Kilmainham said, "It was to make history," and this piece of quite characteristic bombast was all that could be drawn from him. That there were a few fanatics amongst them is perhaps true (Brady, I think, had some touch of fervour, and perhaps even young Kelly); but, from what he will presently be shown of their conduct in Kilmainham prison while the trials were in progress, the reader will find it hard to believe that these men had in them the stuff that patriotism is made of. One sordid motive asserts itself. The men in the front of the business were finding it a rather profitable one. Money was flowing in (from what main sources it were better not at this day to inquire too curiously), and the com-

mittee-men in particular seem always to have been well supplied. The astute Carey was buying houses and furniture, and driving a very neat turn-out worth from sixty to seventy pounds. For the rest it may be inferred without much hesitation that the committee and the sub-members alike, being once entangled in the plot they had assisted to weave, were practically powerless to free themselves. Behind them sat perpetually the spiders in the centre of the web. The plotters must go forward with their murder business, or take their chances of being murdered.

The abortive attempts on Mr. Forster— attempts in which I can detect no real sincerity of purpose, and which certainly showed no pluck—need detain us but a moment. Parties of Invincibles went out on several occasions to shoot him; went out and went home again. On one occasion an old man, who was to have given the signal to fire as the Chief Secretary drove past a store on the Quays, failed through sheer fright. It was almost always the same story. The sturdy old statesman was easily levelled any day.

the streets of Dublin if but one whey-face amongst them had the nerve to level him. On the day that he left Ireland to resign office, some twenty Invincibles waited for him on the platform of the Westland Row station, but he had taken an early train to Kingstown to dine with the members of the Yacht Club, and the conspirators withdrew to a public-house and told one another what they would have done if "old Buckshot" had stayed for the mail.

A fresh victim had his name pricked. "Order of execution" was issued against Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, the permanent Under Secretary, to whom reference has been made, a devoted and most fearless servant of the Crown, of long service, and with a lofty ideal of duty. He had no administrative powers. He could not send anybody to prison, or evict anybody, or cause anybody to be proclaimed; he could not do anything to any one. He was a man of fine nature and extreme ability.

The choice of Mr. Burke by the Invincibles to meet the fate which Mr. Forster had escaped was a little hurried on their part.

Something must be done, somebody worth killing must be killed, or the supplies of money would cease. An article had appeared in a Dublin paper on the text that "the Castle rats must be exterminated." The permanent Under Secretary was regarded as a typical "Castle rat." He must be exterminated to make a beginning. The lots were cast, and they fell upon Joe Brady, Tim Kelly, Pat Delaney, and Tom Caffrey.

For dramatic effect the day was well chosen. It was the day of Earl Spencer's public entry into Dublin as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. With him was Lord Frederick Cavendish, Mr. Forster's successor in the office of Chief Secretary.

The reception was over, and the new Viceroy had been handsomely greeted. A story goes that, after the ceremony at the Castle, Lord Spencer, attended by his valet, was riding home to the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park, and passing a posse of police officers, one of them remarked to a brother, "This is a great day for Ireland," and the officer's reply was, "I hope so, but it is not yet twelve o'clock."

This was the day on which Joe Brady, Tim Kelly, Pat Delaney, and Tom Caffrey were under orders to take the life of Mr. Burke.

The murder had been carefully and most minutely planned, and the Phoenix Park had been selected as the scene. The Under Secretary has his official residence in the park, a little more than a mile from the main entrance. The Invincibles were to wait in the park for Mr. Burke, who usually walked or took a hackney car to his house on leaving his office in the Castle.

Eleven of them in all were under orders for the park, but the actual business of the assassination was in the hands of the four whom Kavanagh was to drive on his outside car. Since midday they had been heartening themselves with whisky, and were all more or less drunk at the hour of starting. They got on the car in Palace Street, drove past the Castle, and turned out of Parliament Street into a long, narrow lane, which debouches on the Liffey at Wood Quay. Crossing the river by the next bridge they drove along the quay to Park Gate Street, ~~whom—the~~ little Royal Oak

tavern, they alighted to screw their courage to the sticking point. Five minutes later they had entered the park.

All the car party were armed with knives.

Following the car was the cab driven by Fitzharris ("Skin-the-Goat"), in which were Dan Curley, M. Fagan, and Joe Hanlon, each furnished with a loaded revolver.

Carey and James Smith, who completed the band, were already on the scene. Carey was to give the signal, and he and Smith were seated on the first bench beyond the Gough monument, on the right-hand side of the road. Smith's presence was necessary for a singular reason. He, and he alone of the party, was able to identify Mr. Burke. These men, it is to be remarked, had nothing in the nature of a private wrong to avenge. Not a man amongst them had ever in his lifetime suffered, directly or indirectly, the very smallest injustice at the hands of Mr. Burke. To one and all of them he was a name and nothing more.

The park was quiet. There had been a polo match, and the last of the spectators were strolling from the - - - Farther off some

members of the staff of a Dublin paper were finishing a game of cricket. By a fitting and fateful mischance there was not a single policeman on duty in the park, nor in the streets which they had traversed had the Invincibles passed one man in uniform.

It was nearing seven; a fine warm evening.

Kavanagh, a simple, merry-featured fellow, was driving his car slowly up and down the main road. The car was shadowed by the cab, the business of "Skin-the-Goat's" trio being to assist the attacking party, if necessary, during or after the attack.

At about five minutes past seven a man was seen to alight from an outside car just within the park gates.

"'Tis Burke," Smith said to Carey.

"Which of them?" asked Carey, for the one who had quitted the car had stopped to speak with another man on the footpath.

"Him that's afther gettin' down," said Smith. "*The man in gray.*" Mr. Burke, recognising Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was going on foot to his new home in the park, had dismissed his car, and the two men—the sands in the glass

so nearly spent for each—set out to walk together. It was within a moment or two of sunset.

Mr. Burke always walked splendidly erect, and carried his cane sword-fashion on his right shoulder.

Carey signalled Kavanagh with his handkerchief, and as the car came up gave the word to Brady, the Hercules of the party, who, it was well understood, was to do the deed alone.

"Mind the man in gray!" said Carey. None of them knew Lord Frederick Cavendish.

Carey and Smith set out across the park at once in the direction of the Island Bridge gate. Brady and the three with him slipped from the car and advanced to meet Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick, Brady walking on the inside of the path opposite to Mr. Burke.

At the instant of meeting, Brady stooped as if to tie his shoe; then, rising suddenly, gripped Mr. Burke by the waist, swung him round, and dealt him one terrific blow in the back. Carey, some distance from the scene, heard the murdered man's single groan, and imitated it on the witness-table months afterwards. As Mr. Burke fell, Kelly bent over him and gashed



From a photo by]

THE SPOT WHERE THE CAR WAITED.

[Robinson, Dublin.



From a photo by]

**A GLIMPSE OF THE WINDOW IN THE VICEREGAL LODGE FROM WHICH
LORD SPENCER SAW THE SCUFFLE.**

[Robinson, Dublin.

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

him across the throat. The herculean Brady did his work well and quickly, for Lord Frederick was in the death throes now. *His* death he owed to the fine blue blood in him. It was not intended to kill him, but he had turned instantly to defend his companion (with an umbrella), and Brady, Burke being down, grappled with Lord Frederick and struck him deep in the breast under the left clavicle. One blow apiece sufficed.*

Through an opening in the trees Lord Spencer, standing with his secretary in a window of the Viceregal Lodge, had watched the scuffle on the path and sent the secretary to inquire what it was.

Kavanagh, waiting quietly with the car turned in the direction in which the flight was to be, kept flicking his little brown mare with the whip to heat her for the start. The four sprang on the car, Kavanagh let out the reins and the mare went away at the gallop. Let us share this flight, which was one of the mysteries of the affair.

* Sufficed to kill; but many blows were dealt in the struggle. See Appendix.

("Skin-the-Goat" meanwhile had driven his men out by the North Circular Road gate.)

Kavanagh took the first turn to the left—the well-known road that leads across the Fifteen Acres. At the hill just beyond the Hibernian School there are two sharp curves, forming together a letter S, and George Godden, a park ranger, standing here as the car made the double turn, noted Brady and Caffrey, who were seated on opposite sides, and was able afterwards to identify them in court. Out at the Chapelizod gate and round to the right, and Kavanagh swept through the village of Chapelizod, nearly killing a child on the bridge crossing the Liffey. Another turn to the left brought the car on a road parallel to the one just traversed, and in a few moments, glancing across towards the Chapelizod gate, the murderers were able to see that they were not yet followed. But Kavanagh kept the whip going, and the brown mare was flying with her heavy burden ten miles an hour. Time was not so much in question as the length of ground to be covered.

As yet the men were silent. They were now on the Inchicore Road, and as they went *ventre à terre*, through the township of that name, the five might have glimpsed in the distance the stark walls of Kilmainham, which were presently to receive them all, and within which three were to lie in one grave.

Here Kavanagh made another *détour*, edging always farther and farther from Dublin; and gaining the Naas Road, he put the mare's head for the open country. Chance was furthering the flight. They were unpursued, and the night began to cover them. The dusky highway was their own, and the little mare was still racing up to her bit in the gamest fashion. In front the Dublin and Wicklow hills were fading in the clear-obscuré.

It must have been at about this point that the tension passed and the men began to find their tongues, for at the next stage on the journey—the cross-roads beyond Bluebell Mill—they were passed by a car, the driver of which, in his information to the police at a later date, said they were “laughing and talking

like mad," and he took them for "a tipsy party returning from a Saturday spree."

From the cross-roads they might have driven straight into South Dublin, but Kavanagh, in accordance with the plan, swerved again on to the Tallaght Road, still farther into the country. They were safe enough now, and at a milestone on the right of the road a halt was called, and Kavanagh drew rein. Brady and Kelly, who had a slight toilet to perform, got off the car. So cleverly had Brady despatched his victims that there was not a stain upon his clothes; but his hands were covered with blood, and Kelly's superfluous service on Mr. Burke had left a smear on his. In the long moist grass against the milestone they cleaned their hands and scoured the blood from the knives.

But their goal was still to win, and the halt was brief. Rattling the mare along once more, the pace a touch easier, Kavanagh presently turned off the Tallaght Road and took the straight road for Terenure, through the village of Crumlin. It was death to anything that let the brown mare's hoofs that night, and

a dog which sprang barking at her in Crumlin had its brains kicked out. In then to Terenure, where at length town life began again, for the car was now spanking over the stones of a Dublin suburb. It is at Terenure that the tramway service ends, and at the terminus of the Palmerston Park tramway Kelly was set down and went home by tram to his mother's house. The car, now at a sober jog, continued along the tram-line through Palmerston Park and Ranelagh, where Kavanagh made a final bend to the right to fetch Leeson Park.

At Leeson Park the flight was over. Kavanagh had accomplished his object by bringing his men into Dublin at the point remotest from that at which the start had been made in the afternoon.

Folk going home late that evening from Saturday's marketing might have seen a car, with a brown mare (14½ hands, wiry hair) reeking between the shafts, outside the door of Davy's tavern, 111, Upper Leeson Street. Inside, four men, returned from a very successful expedition of murder, were clinking their glasses. It was the parting cup.

Kavanagh took the mare home softly to his house in Townsend Street—man and mare on their last legs—led her into the stable without removing the harness, threw himself beside her in the straw, and slept.

Brady, Delaney, and Caffrey walked to Westland Row, where, in the shadow of the chapel, they met Carey by appointment, and gave him assurance that all was well.

On the following morning, Sunday, Carey went to early mass with his wife and children, and took the sacrament.

V.

SUNDAY.

THE bodies of the murdered men were first seen by a young telegraphist, McGuire by name, riding home on his bicycle. Scarcely stopping, he sped on in search of a policeman. "There are two men lying in pools of blood on the path near the Phoenix monument," he said.

I believe the struggle had actually been watched at a little distance by an officer in a cavalry regiment quartered in the town, but so paralysed was he by the horror of it that he could render no assistance ; nor was he even able, when visited in his quarters by the police, two hours afterwards, to give a coherent account of what he had seen.

Some hours later it was being vaguely bruited in Dublin that the Phoenix Park had

been the scene of a nameless tragedy. A rumour that the new Chief Secretary had been murdered reached the theatre, and the opera was finished in a hurry. Pressmen and other inquirers chased one another to the Castle. Dublin in general, however, passed the night of Saturday in ignorance of the crime. Several hours of that night were spent by a chief officer of police in writing a despatch to the Queen, which was carried by Captain Ross the next morning.

For the first time in the history of the Irish Press, Sunday editions were issued of the three Dublin papers. Mention of one circumstance was omitted deliberately by all of them. A black-edged card had been dropped into their letter-boxes on Saturday evening, which bore this legend—

**"THIS DEED WAS DONE BY THE
IRISH INVINCIBLES."**

By each of the journals which received this missive it was regarded as a gross and ghastly jest, and none of them would put it

into print. But the cards were genuine, and the inscriptions were the writing of Dan Curley.

The first verbal announcements of the crime were made in the Roman Catholic churches. Mr. Burke was a member of that faith, and at high mass on Sunday morning prayers for the repose of his soul were asked in every Roman Catholic church in Dublin. These solemn utterances from the altar must have been impressive in the highest degree where no previous knowledge of the tragedy existed amongst the congregation. In two churches the duty devolved upon priests bearing the name of the murdered man; and one of them, Father Burke of St. Kevin's, Heytesbury Street, fell dead at the altar in the act of speaking.

By midday the deed was known to all Dublin. From that on to nightfall the popular feeling of amazed indignation and horror increased hourly. There were curious evidences of the temporary suppression of private and personal sorrows: funeral processions passing through Sackville Street on their way to the Glasnevin Cemetery stopped at the newspaper

offices, and copies of the newspapers were bought and read aloud in the mourning coaches. In the afternoon the whole town poured into the Phoenix Park, and by four o'clock the people in thousands were struggling to advance a pace along the mile and more of road between the Phoenix gate and the Phoenix monument.

It was on this Sunday afternoon that justice began already to get upon the trail. In the private room, in Castle Yard, of the officer who had been entrusted with the case, the scent was first picked up. While the town was given over to the dimmest speculations as to the possible authors of the crime, and rumour assailed the general ear with as many names as she had tongues, a quiet person, who was neither an Invincible nor a spy of the police, was unfolding an interesting history to the chief detective. This person was never brought forward in connection with the case. He made no appearance in court at the preliminary examinations or at the trials, and the formal evidence which he tendered while the case was in its infancy was taken under

conditions of the strictest privacy. His secret has been well preserved; he is going about his business in Dublin at this day, unmolested and unsuspected. It was from this unexpected quarter that the first useful clue was received.

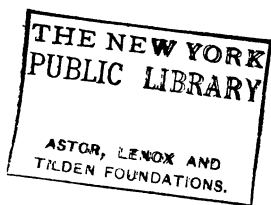
VI.

THE ARRESTS, THE INVESTIGATION, THE TRIALS.

ON Monday morning Dublin was placarded with Lord Spencer's proclamation, offering a reward of ten thousand pounds. Side by side with it appeared the proclamation of Mr. Parnell and the leading members of the Land League, denouncing the murders in fit language.

The summoning of the four thousand and odd car-drivers of Dublin, to account for their time on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, was the first step taken by the Castle in a criminal investigation the most elaborate, minute, and skilful on record. It showed that the police were already aware by what means the murderers had escaped from the park, for the earliest impression had been that they

low





From a photo by]

[Robinson, Dublin.

THE ROOM IN DUBLIN CASTLE IN WHICH MR. ADYE
CURRAN CONDUCTED THE INVESTIGATION.



JAMES CAREY.



MR. JOHN MALLON J.P.



THE LATE MR. BURKE

had walked to the Kingsbridge station and taken train thence to the south. Each "jarvey" in turn was closely interrogated, and Kavanagh alone was unable to give a satisfactory account of himself. As yet, however, there was nothing to justify his arrest.

Arrests significant enough were nevertheless not long delayed. Carey himself, Dan Curley, Chairman Mullett, the two Hanlons, and McCaffrey (not to be confused with the Tom Caffrey who occupied a seat on the car) were all laid hold of. They were lodged in Kilmainham, and kept there under the Crimes Act until the month of September, when, as the legal evidence was still to procure, they were liberated.

It was six months since the murders, and the belief was that a baffled police had abandoned the case. It was forgotten that Ireland was under a reign of terror. Long before the six men first arrested were let out, to be shadowed by the police till they were wanted again, their parts in the crime were known, and every man who was afterwards placed in the dock was already under watch.

The public proofs against them were what was lacking all these tedious months. No one would risk the chance of an open testimony. At every stage throughout the inquiry, it was this that gave check to the police. When, for instance, they had learned, eight or nine months after the act, the route by which Kavanagh had taken his men from the scene of the murder, inquiries made at every house and cabin on the road failed to bring into court one word of evidence as to the flight of the car.

But the Invincibles played unwittingly into the hands of their enemy. They made two foolish moves in November. The first of these was Pat Delaney's attempt on Judge Lawson. Delaney made a feint of shooting the judge as he was entering the Kildare Street Club, and was at once arrested. At about the same time Mr. Field, foreman of the common jury, which had recently brought in a verdict of guilty against a man charged with murder, was attacked on the steps of his house. The arrests which followed were important. Certain evidence was drawn from Delaney which had

its bearing on the larger case, and a further inquiry under the Crimes Act was commenced in the first week of December.

It was a process reminiscent of the Star Chamber, conducted with great ability by the magistrate, Mr. Adye Curran, who had the invaluable assistance of Mr. John Mallon, then chief of the detective department. The first under examination was Dan Delaney, an active Invincible, and brother of the Patrick just named. For five hours on one day and six on the following day he underwent a searching interrogation. Kelly, Caffrey, Brady, and James Mullett followed. The men were charged with nothing, but their brains were picked and sifted, and the catechism was severe enough to shake the hearts of the guilty ones.

This process extended far. All manner of persons considered likely to be able in any way to assist the case were politely asked to present themselves before Mr. Curran, in his private room at the Castle. Sometimes a single question sufficed; sometimes the visitor was under examination the greater portion of the day. Each day the net was drawn a little

closer about the prospective victims, although many of those who were afterwards put upon their trial were never called on to face Mr. Curran.

The private investigation under the Crimes Act occupied the whole of December and the first part of January, and then the grand *coup* was made. Twenty-six Invincibles were seized one night under warrant in various parts of Dublin, and placed in the dock of the Inns of Quay police court on January 13th, 1883. Up to this point the course of justice had been hidden, but the appearance of the twenty-six in the dock was a startling and effective answer to the charge of failure that had been laid against the police. The men were remanded for a week, and their next appearance was in Kilmainham Court-house, a change of scene which the dangers of the street rendered necessary. Kilmainham Court-house adjoins the prison, and from the latter to the former the men were safely conducted by a covered passage through a double file of police.

For a time the caged Invincibles maintained



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From a photo by]

[Robinson, Dublin.

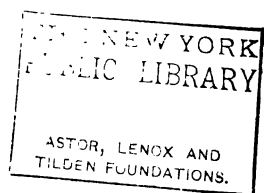
THE FIRST HALT: MILESTONE ON THE TALLAGHT ROAD.



From a photo by]

[Robinson, Dublin

SCENE OF THE MURDER.



a front which was not merely cool but defiant. Their jocularities in the dock one morning drew from Mr. Murphy, Q.C., the leading counsel for the Crown, a dry word to the effect that they would "possibly be a little less merry before he had finished with them." Some of the group displayed a contemptuous and others a lively interest in the proceedings against them. Brady, who occupied a front corner of the dock, was always good-humouredly on the alert, and brisk in signalling the messenger of one of the Dublin dailies, when the reporter had his "copy" ready. It was curious to observe, however, with what care the prisoners counted their numbers when they were placed in the dock in the morning—the dread of betrayal by an informer, which is the poison in the heart of every Irish conspirator.

One morning the count fell short. The conspirators were fewer by one comrade than they had been on the previous day. While they were still in the pangs of suspense as to the cause of his absence from the dock, he was led in by another door, and, shamefaced

and quaking, he mounted to the chair on the witness-table. It was Bob Farrell, the first of the informers.

The dock was dumb but for an unphrased murmur, and it never joked again. Mr. Murphy was about to put the cup to the lips of the jesters.

One informer was not enough to undo the whole batch in the dock, but in Irish crime informers come not singly. Kavanagh, a week or two later, took Farrell's place on the table. There had been remand after remand, but with Kavanagh's translation from the dock to the witness-table, the case against the prisoners began to be narrowed to its final issue. It was not until Kavanagh turned Queen's evidence that they were able to be charged in set terms with the murders. "Conspiring to murder certain Government officials and others," was the charge formulated against them when they were first placed in the dock. Brady, Kelly, Pat Delaney, and Tom Caffrey were charged with the murders; and Fitzharris, Fagan, Curley, Joe Hanlon, and James Carey with being accessories.

But it was not in Kilmainham Court-house all this time that the case against the Invincibles was being most subtly developed. Rather more was being done within the walls of Kilmainham prison. The stake for which justice was playing in this affair was so great that not a ruse known to modern detective science was neglected. The object was to bring the prisoners to implicate one another, and their fears and their suspicions of treachery were most cunningly played upon. They were exercised in a small yard apart, and meetings were arranged between particular comrades, in circumstances which allowed their talk to be overheard. A possible witness against them, who was supposed to be in safe hiding across the Channel, was pushed for a moment through the door of the exercise yard, and as suddenly withdrawn. By word and suggestion they were made to feel that they had been betrayed on every side, and above all, that the chief traitors were of their own number. Amongst the six-and-twenty who had been placed in the dock not all were worth prosecuting, but it was fixedly resolved to bring

the ringleaders to justice, and, if possible, to send the actual murderers to the gallows upon the testimony of their own companions. It was easily done in the end. Before the actual trial was commenced, there was hardly a man in his cell in Kilmainham who had not begged for an opportunity to state all he knew, appealing to the officer who had charge of the case: "For the love o' God, sir, why won't ye take my evidence?" Amongst the scenes in Kilmainham, when it becomes possible to tell the story in detail, that of the panel in the door of the infirmary ward, and what was heard on the other side, will be classed as an instance of detective skill with the adroitest in the criminal annals of France. Amongst the prison officials Dr. Carte and the late Governor Gildea are considered to have rendered signal assistance in bringing the case to a head. It has been little known how important a part certain women played towards the same end. Here a wife and there a mother, seeking to save a husband or a son, helped by secret promptings to bring justice nearer to its end.

Towards the close of the investigation the position of the Invincibles had become so nearly hopeless that but one thing was needed to make a ruin of it: it was the defection of James Carey, and the dock was not to escape this worst blow of all. It has been supposed that Carey was willing if not eager from the outset to be the Judas of the party, but the facts were otherwise. He was less a hero, I think, than any of his associates in the plot, but he had in him a kind of stubborn pride and all the Irishman's instinctive horror of the *rôle* of informer. He refused to speak until he felt the rope at his throat. It was the damning evidence of Kavanagh that finally unnerved him, and forced his lips to save his neck. But even then it was hard to fetch the truth from him. The first statement which he drew up in his cell in Kilmainham was torn up and returned to him. "This is ancient history, Carey," said his examiner. Up to the last moment it was extremely difficult to get him to face the court, an ordeal to which his physical nerve was as little equal as his moral. In a room at the back of the court he had to be

primed with brandy before he could be persuaded to mount to the chair on the witness-table.

For the unhappy creatures at the bar the case had been a series of the most disquieting surprises; but when they saw that Carey too had slipped from the storm which was raining on the dock, surprise was swallowed up in rage. Brady made an effort to seize him by the neck as he passed, and maledictions audible enough went up from the pen where the betrayed men were imprisoned. Carey, once he had taken his seat, regained his nerve, and never faltered in the narrative which was to set the final seal upon the fate of the friends he had abandoned.

For when the trial, over which Judge O'Brien presided, was commenced in Green Street, the ship was already on the rocks. The sole remaining hope of the Invincibles lay in the eloquence of the counsel whom the Crown had provided for the defence; but all the forensic skill in the world could avail them little.

What fate but the worst could Joe Brady look for? Of those who had been sent for trial, he was the first to be arraigned, and he

took his stand in the dock of the Green Street Court-house on Wednesday, April 11th, 1883, just within a year of the day on which he had sent Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke to their account. Two patient days and a half the court gave him, though the issue could never at any moment have been in doubt. When called upon to show reason why sentence of death should not be passed on him, he sprang up in the dock, pale, but full of passion, his huge frame quivering, and swore huskily in the broadest Irish that his life had been taken from him by the lying oaths of informers. The death sentence calmed him. He took it bravely and without bravado, and thanked his counsel before he was led out.

This young fellow, the real murderer, was the most sympathetic personality in the group. As the man who had struck the blows, he could not have hoped to escape by informing, and he was never of course invited to turn Queen's evidence. But I believe that, had he been approached for that purpose, he would still have kept his tongue. In every Irish crime of this sort there are more traitors than

are named, but not so many as are whispered. It was not possible to name Brady as a traitor; but what is more, the intent of treachery was never whispered against him. I believe, too, that but for Brady there would have been no Phoenix Park murders. If there were no legerdemain in the assigning of the lots, the Invincibles were fortunate on the day that Brady drew his. Had the chance fallen on Carey, for example, Lord Frederick and Mr. Burke would have come off as lightly as Judge Lawson and Mr. Field. Brady, in a word, was the one man who had courage for the part which was, I feel sure, deliberately imposed upon him by a trick of the ballot.

I must be brief over the trials that followed Brady's. Dan Curley's, three days later, was the second. Curley was the handsomest of the band, a young-looking man of thirty-two. There were considerations which made it hard to sentence him, and his wife and children were in court. He clung to the rail of the dock as he stood up to receive his doom. He was the only man who melted the court into tears, though he scarcely spoke a word. There

were tears at the reporter's table and tears in the eyes of the Judge when, at the third essay, he put on the black cap. Timothy Kelly, a slim, long-faced youth of nineteen, with a thick, pendulous lip and a cold, blue, shifty eye, was the third to stand in the dock. Timothy was tried three times. There were slight discrepancies in the evidence, and the "packed British jury" were not willing to send a mere lad to the gallows except upon the strongest confirmation of his guilt. Michael Fagan was the fourth and Tom Caffrey the fifth upon whom the death sentence was passed. Pat Delaney received the same award, but he had turned informer after Carey, and his death sentence, commuted almost immediately to penal servitude for life, was subsequently reduced to one of ten years. Chairman Mullett escaped with ten years. Life sentences of penal servitude (not quite so terrible a penalty in Ireland as in England) are still in course of expiation by the other Mullett—Joe, the hunchback—Laurence Hanlon, and "Skin-the-Goat."

Of the informers, not all of whom have been

named, one has made a comfortable fortune in a corner of the globe where he is never likely to be traced, and others are not too badly housed elsewhere. Carey, who was kept longest in Kilmainham, for his own undeserved security, was liberated at ten o'clock one night, and conveyed to Kingstown by three stages in three separate cabs. The surviving Invincibles have always made the boast that the man O'Donnell, by whom he was shot at Port Elizabeth, was sent after him by them. But O'Donnell, who had no connections with any revolutionary party in Ireland, had taken his passage in the Cape steamer a month before the Government had decided to what part of the world they would despatch Carey. Kavanagh, shipped to Sydney, was refused a landing there, and was shipped back to England. He died at twenty-three, poisoned by drink, in a lunatic asylum in London.

Within little more than a twelvemonth the crime was expiated, and the conspiracy itself was then barely eighteen months old. Considering the magnitude of the affair and the innumerable difficulties in the path of the

inquirers, the execution of justice was almost as rapid as it was complete. The ranks of the Invincibles were decimated, their constitution was broken all to pieces. Five of their number sent to the gallows (and chiefly by the treachery of comrades), others into life-long imprisonment, and others again involved, with their families, in ruin and irremediable disgrace—this, and no less, was their portion. But for such a deed as theirs

•

. . . . all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender.

A plot and crime of this nature, and in a country circumstanced as Ireland then was, are not unravelled without a master mind. The brilliant agent of the law in this instance was Mr. Mallon, who had the case in hand from the first, and who, at the constant peril of his life, may be said to have carried it through alone. Judge O'Brien spoke no idle compliment from the bench in his description of this prince of detectives as "a man whose courage was equalled only by his sagacity." Not less deserved was the encomium of Mr. Murphy,

Q.C., that "while the world was of opinion that nothing was being done the police were quietly getting together the threads of the evidence; and it was very significant that the officer who had charge of the case, with a knowledge peculiar to himself, had the four members of the committee in custody almost immediately after the crime was committed." Not only this, indeed, but within a very few weeks the plot with its maze-like windings was known to him, and but for the incredible difficulty of procuring clean testimony in support of the evidence of the informers, the final blow would have fallen long ere it did. It will never be known, until he chooses to tell it himself, by what means Mr. Mallon got at the very heart of the plot at the earliest stage of the inquiry, but it is still a tradition of Kilmainham with what terror he inspired the Invincibles whom he first examined privately in the governor's office. "There's really no sayin' *what* you don't know, Misther Mallon," said one of them, in whose deposition certain notable deficiencies had been pointed out. He had a memory that never slept, patience without end, a terrible

skill in piecing evidence together, and a complete disregard of danger. Of all the men whom he brought to justice Carey alone bore him any real ill-feeling, and those who were to hang shook him by the hand on the eve of execution. Mr. Mallon is now a Justice of the Peace and Commissioner of Police, and it may be hoped that he will one day sit down to tell the story of his life.

Mr. M'Manus, who did for me with the utmost kindness all that the governor of a prison could do for an unofficial visitor, is one of the most experienced officers in this service. For thirty years he has been concerned in the administration of Irish prisons, and bears a high character as a just and humane governor. In no prison in the United Kingdom is a high standard of discipline maintained with less harshness of treatment than in Kilmainham.

VII.

MARWOOD.

FROM the middle of April to near the middle of June, 1883, the venerable chaplain of Kilmainham (who died in his eighty-fifth year on Christmas Eve last) was busy with the consolations of the Church. For five of the condemned men there was no hope in this world, and they knew it. All of them are said to have been attentive to the priest, and for that matter many of the Invincibles did the duties of their faith in the most exemplary manner. Carey, who was a member of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart, hung the medal and ribbon of the Order over the bed in his cell. On the night of his release from Kilmainham, while he was faring by quiet ways to Kingstown, the arch-informer chanced to look out of the cab as it passed the little tobacco

shop kept by Curley's widow. Crossing himself, he exclaimed, "God save the soul of Dan Curley!" "Why, you villain," returned his conductor, "you're after helping to hang the man!"

The five men cast for the gallows were of quiet and seemly behaviour, though one piece of bravado is told of Kelly. The governor happening to enter the lad's cell at the dinner-hour the day before he was to die, Kelly lifted the pot of porter with which he had been regaled and flourished it at him. "Your honour's health, an' a long life!" said he. Of the five, Curley and Tom Caffrey showed themselves the most sincerely penitent. Caffrey suffered more than the others at the near envisaging of death. He became very thin and pallid towards the last.

Within a few hours before the first of the fatal mornings the authorities of the prison found themselves in something of a predicament. There was no gallows standing in Kilmainham,* and no person within the pre-

* There is none at the present day. The execution yard of the Invincibles, when I was shown into it,

cincts of the gaol who could be entrusted with the building of one. Nay, there was not a morsel of timber in the place which could be used for the purpose. In this strait, a party of Royal Engineers were fetched in from one of the barracks, and the necessary timber (which had been bought as "wanted for ordinary prison repairs") was smuggled in after them. The very spot at which the gallows was to be set up was kept as privy as possible, lest the dynamiters should get wind of it.

On the morning of May 14th, soldiers and police guarded Kilmainham within and without. The whole neighbourhood was thronged, and the crowd was densest on the bridge and in the cherry orchard beneath the rear walls of the prison. These were the places of vantage, commanding a view of the water-tank reared high between two chimneys. Suddenly all heads here were bared as the flutter of the

was stacked with timber, and of the gallows from which the five murderers were launched no trace was visible except the two holes in the whitewashed walls where one of the beams supporting the platform had been fixed.—T. H.

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From a photo by]

[Robinson, Dublin.

THE CONDEMNED CELL.



From a photo by]

[Robinson, Dublin.

**SMALL EXERCISE YARD, WITH VIEW OF EXECUTION
YARD BEYOND.**

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

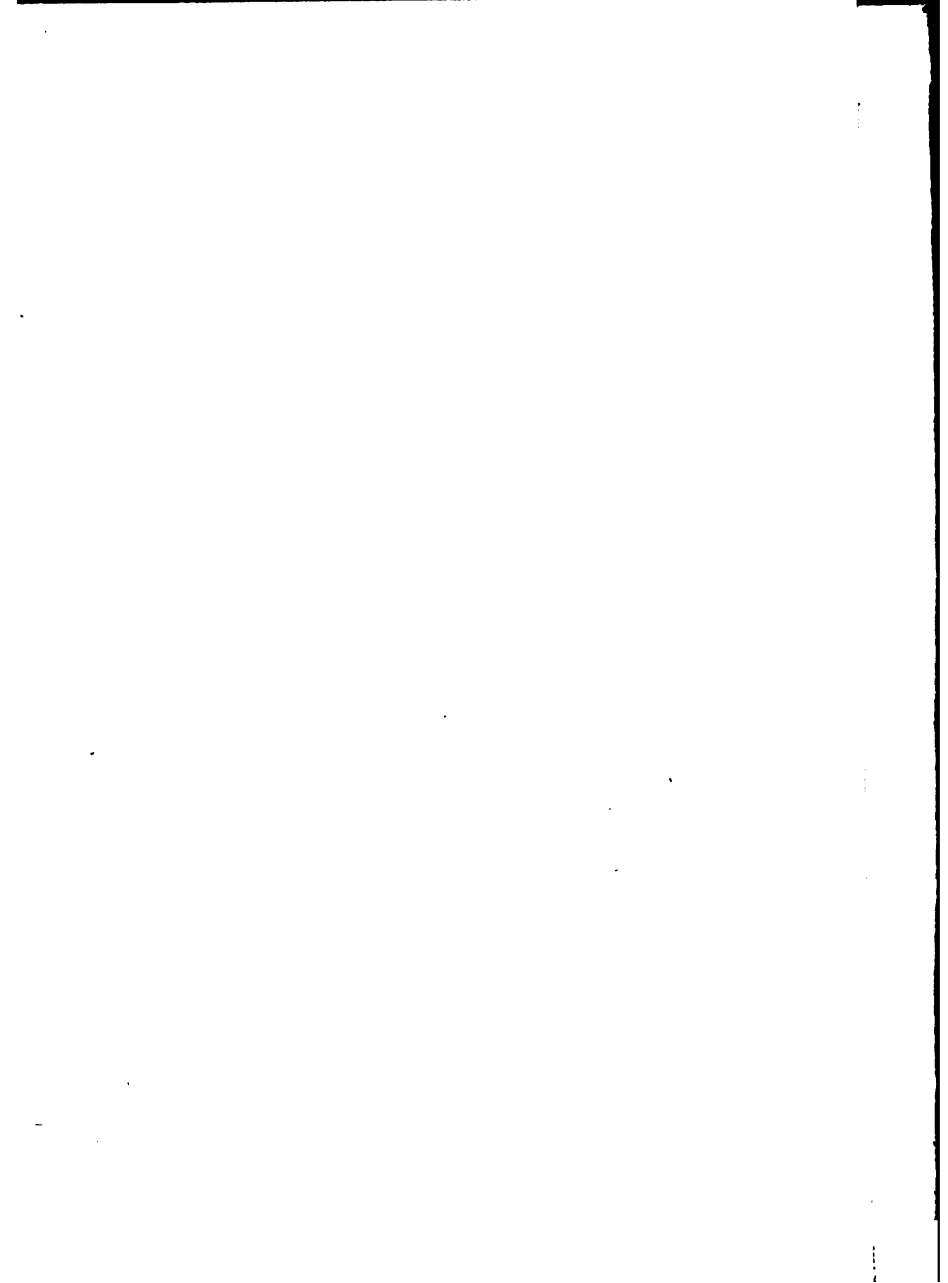
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

flag above the tank told that Marwood had loosed the bolt for Joe Brady. The stanchest of the Invincibles died without a tremor. His cheek had the colour of life, and his huge frame had not diminished by the weight of an ounce.

Four days later, handsome Dan Curley followed him into the gallows' pit. Curley's father—an old peasant from the west of Ireland—stood watching in the cherry orchard, and as the flag was hoisted he dropped on his knees and began a prayer in Irish. The people, kneeling around him with uncovered heads, took up the responses, and the murmur of their voices passed through the prison walls and mingled with the voice of the old chaplain on the gallows, while the squab figure of the hangman was crouched over the swaying body of his victim.

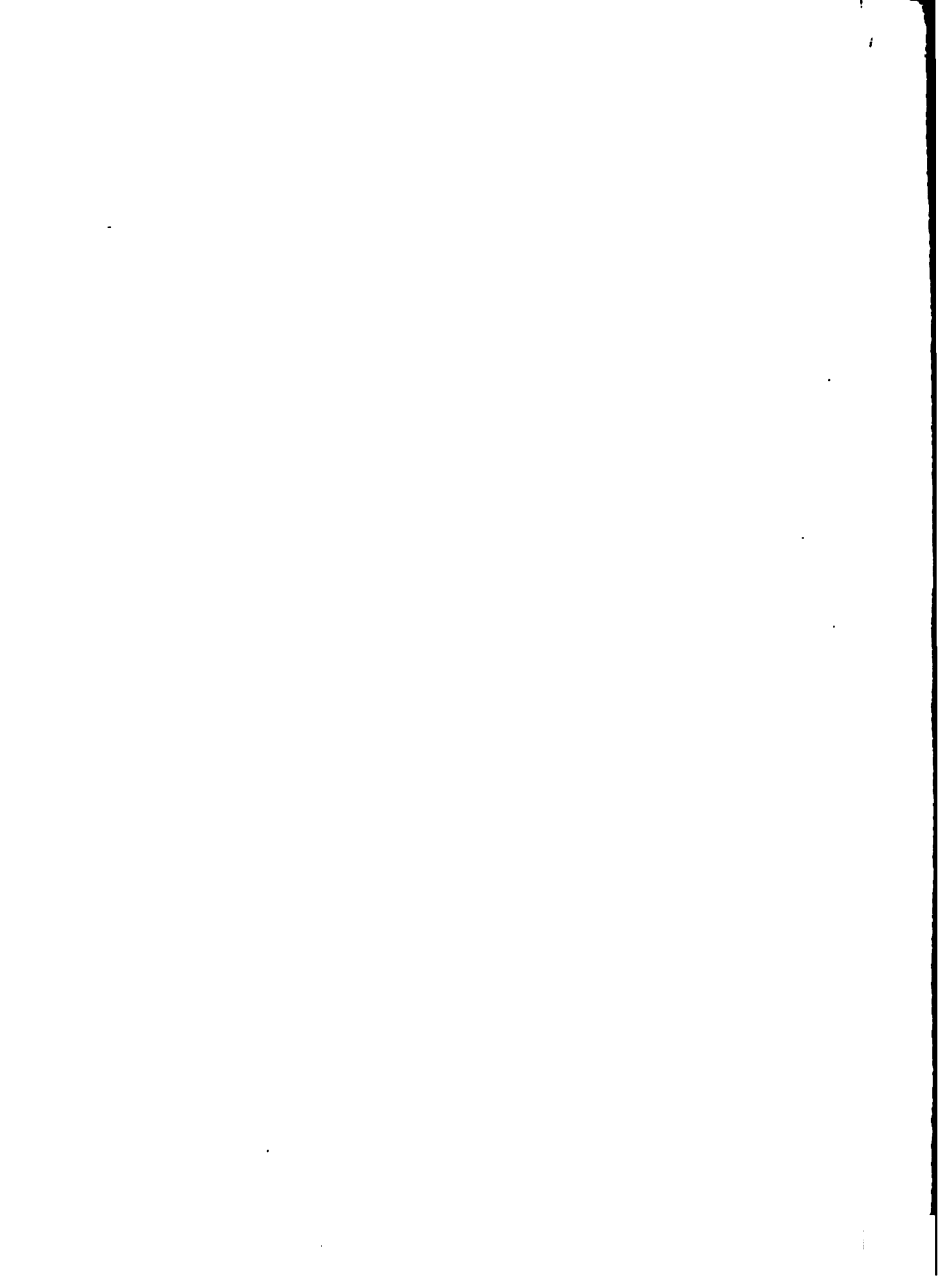
Michael Fagan died May 28th, Caffrey on June 2nd, and young Tim Kelly on the 9th. None of the men made any confession on the gallows.

The five lie in one grave between the two walls which framed their gallows, and the grave is nameless.



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APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

THE editor of that pungent sheet, *United Ireland*, not brooking the liberty I took in rejecting the pathetic myth of the Martyrdom of the Suspects, expended on me in his issue of April 4th a column or two of first-rate indignation. At this date it would probably afford less entertainment to him than to me were I to confront him with a tithe of his own amusing inaccuracies, but I must at least present him with a specimen.

"In his description of the principal hall of the gaol," says the editor, "the writer displays a most mean and partisan spirit of insult to Irishmen."

Wondering how I could have contrived, in a mere description of the principal hall of Kilmainham, to load Ireland with opprobrium, I turned to the first pages of the article in

the *Windsor* and found that my account of that hall limited itself almost to the general statement that there was perhaps not a finer one in any prison in the United Kingdom! Farther on, I described the comfortable arrangements made by the authorities of the prison to house and amuse those down-trodden devoted patriots, the Suspects; and I hinted at the generous outpourings of the Ladies' Land League, to keep them fed like fighting-cocks. Here, doubtless, was the head and front of my offending. There is still, apparently, a desire to have it thought that the imprisoned Suspects who were, on the whole, in such excellent case in Kilmainham, suffered rather worse things than the political prisoners of Louis XI. in the dungeon of Vincennes, or those of Louis XIV. in the *oubliettes* of the Bastille. May one hazard the expression of a hope that unvarnished futilities on this head will cease to be circulated?

Constrained to admit that I was "unquestionably well informed" as to the internal economy of Kilmainham, the editor consoled his anger at this with the reflection that I

had perhaps been locked up there for wife-beating. Thus, with an almost sobbing indignation, did he implore me to tread on the tail of his coat. It is, for certain, an ungallant delinquency to be charged with,—but who knows?—and it is not beyond the limits of the possible that my captivity in the stone-breaking yard might have been mitigated by the companionship of an editor in trouble for lightening the till of his employer to relieve a parching throat.

But, as fate would have it, I did not qualify in this way to write the foregoing pages; and, had I done so, I am quite willing to think that nothing but the worst extremity of thirst would have qualified the editor of *United Ireland* to share my penance.

After the publication of the first article I received from Mr. David Williamson, the editor of the *Windsor Magazine*, the following letter, which might engage the attention of the Psychical Research Society :—

“ You may like to hear of a curious coincidence respecting the Phoenix Park tragedy, the story of

which has been retold by you in KILMAINHAM MEMORIES. I had lately a visit from a gentleman who, though more than eighty years of age, possessed an alert and accurate memory. He said that two or three days before the civilised world was startled by the news of the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, he had a dream which on the following morning he carefully related to his family. In 'a vision of the night' he saw a room in which a group of men stood on one side of a table, while facing them was a tall man, insisting with uplifted hand on the commission of some deed. The men's craven faces were so vividly impressed on the mind of my informant that he made a picture of the scene, which he brought to show me. The sketch depicted some villainous countenances which, on comparison with my portraits of the actual murderers, certainly were fair representations. At the end of the room, in this sketch, was a partition of wood, which was destined to be an important link in the evidence against the murderers. The historic news which shocked London just as people were leaving places of worship on Sunday morning, May 8th, 1882, of course interested this gentleman in an extraordinary degree. He was walking down Fleet Street on the following day, when he saw in front of him the very man who, in his dream, had been speaking to the group opposite to him! He was so certain that this was an individual

connected with the murder that he followed him for some distance, hesitating, however, to take so momentous a step as giving notice of his suspicion to the police. When the trial of the murderers was in progress, my informant gave the Crown some details as to the room which he had seen in his dream, and these details suggested to the counsel some telling questions which astonished both the witnesses and the prisoners. He could have said in the words of Byron, "I had a dream which was not all a dream," *for the partition, which had been removed since the murder from the room in which the conspirators met, existed at the time of their assembling.* Whatever we may think of dreams, whether they are only 'the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy,' as Shakespeare says, I believe these facts will be interesting to those who are reading your articles."

I had no opportunity when in Dublin of meeting any of the gentlemen who assisted at the post-mortem examination, but by the kindness of Dr. H. C. Tweedy, Visiting Physician to Steevens' Hospital, who was present on the occasion, I have since received some notes.

Shortly after seven on the evening of Saturday, May 6th, a message reached Steevens' Hospital (the nearest hospital to Phoenix

Park) that a murder had been committed in the Park. The House Surgeon (Mr. Myles) went at once, arriving three-quarters of an hour after the murder had been committed. Mr. Burke was dead ; he died, in fact, immediately after being stabbed. Lord Frederick Cavendish was still alive, but unconscious ; " he groaned several times, but died almost immediately after Myles reached the spot." Mr. Myles then had the two bodies taken to Steevens' Hospital, where they lay in a little room till the next morning (Sunday), when they were removed in two small hearses to the Chief Secretary's Lodge. Here they were laid on two large tables in the ball-room for the post-mortem. The post-mortem lasted from about 11 a.m. till 6 p.m. ; everything was most minutely gone into. The examination was conducted by the late Mr. Porter (afterwards Sir George Porter), assisted by Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Myles. Notes of the necropsy were taken by Dr. H. C. Tweedy. One point of interest which came out at the post-mortem, but which was never mentioned, was that Lord Frederick Cavendish showed

distinct evidence of having been threatened with consumption, but the lung had healed.

Dr. Tweedy was good enough to send me the authentic report of the post-mortem which appeared in the issue of the *British Medical Journal* of May 13th, 1882, and from which I take the particulars that follow:—

“The remains of Mr. Burke, the late Under Secretary, were first examined, and presented the following marks of violence.

“The clothes were profusely stained with blood, and pierced in several places, before and behind, apparently with a sharp-pointed weapon; and the glove belonging to the left hand had two rents on the index finger, and a slit extending almost the entire length of the middle finger. The face was stained with blood, and there was a quantity of semi-clotted blood in the mouth and fauces. The first and most striking wound was one on the front of the neck, to the left side. It presented the character of a deep gash, about three inches and a half in length; only small vessels, however, were wounded, for the carotid artery and jugular vein had escaped, and the trachea was uninjured. There was another deep wound at the right side of the neck, immediately behind the sterno-mastoid muscle, and at the anterior margin of the trapezius. This wound penetrated to the spine. There were

two wounds on the index finger of the left hand, corresponding to the rents in the glove, and one on the middle finger of the same hand—the nail and last phalanx of which were split down for about half an inch. These cuts were apparently caused by attempts at warding off the assassin's weapon. On examining the chest, three punctured wounds were found. One was directly over the middle bone of the sternum, and did not penetrate the thorax. The second was over the cartilage of the second rib, on the left side. This, as well as the other sterno-costal cartilages, was almost completely ossified ; but such was the violence of the stroke that it was completely severed, and the wound penetrated to the apex of the left lung, severing the internal mammary artery on that side. The third stab was lower down on the same side, about an inch and a half above the nipple. This also reached the lung, and the two accounted for the profuse hæmorrhage from the mouth, as the cut in the throat did not communicate with the air-passages or pharynx. The last, and what must have been the fatal stab, was in the back. It was found just over the inferior angle of the left scapula passing in between the ribs, opening the pericardium (which was filled with blood) penetrating the posterior wall of the left ventricle of the heart, and opening that cavity. This wound, evidently inflicted by a long, sharp-pointed, and probably

double-edged weapon, must have caused death almost instantaneously.

“The remains of Lord Frederick Cavendish were next examined. His clothes, like those of Mr. Burke, were saturated with blood, and exhibited great marks of violence. There were seven cuts in the coat alone. The trousers were covered with dust, particularly at the knees, and there was a quantity of blood on the back and along the right seam. The body presented the following wounds. There was a deep transverse gash on the centre of the left forearm, cutting down through the muscles to the bones, one of which, the ulna, was fractured, and a portion of it absolutely sliced away. It was probable that this wound was received in an effort to ward off a blow. There was a slight abrasion over the right cheek-bone, and also one on the right knee. He had received a deep stab in the centre of the back of the neck. The weapon had passed from this point through the muscle to the root of the neck at the right side, injuring the spinous process of the sixth cervical vertebra, and finally emerged an inch over the right clavicle. There was another deep wound at the outer edge of the inferior angle of the right scapula, involving the bone. There was a deep gash in the right axilla, extending upwards and backwards, but not wounding any large vessel. This, like the wound on the left arm, was probably received when the limb was raised in an effort at

self-defence. Over the right shoulder was a deep angular wound, penetrating to the upper edge of the scapula, transfixing the shoulder, completely severing the axillary vessels in the first stage just above the lesser pectoral muscle, and emerging anteriorly over the cartilage of the second rib. This was probably the fatal wound.

"At the inquest, Mr. Porter deposed that the wounds in both cases were of the same size, and had all the same clean edges. With the exception of the wound on Lord Frederick Cavendish's arm, which appeared to be a gash, and the abrasion on the right knee, due probably to his having fallen on his knees, all the wounds were punctured wounds. The weapons which inflicted them must have been long daggers or sharp knives—nine or ten inches in length—exceedingly keen and well-tempered. They were such wounds as a bowie-knife might have inflicted."

A witness of Brady's execution has furnished me with these curious particulars :—

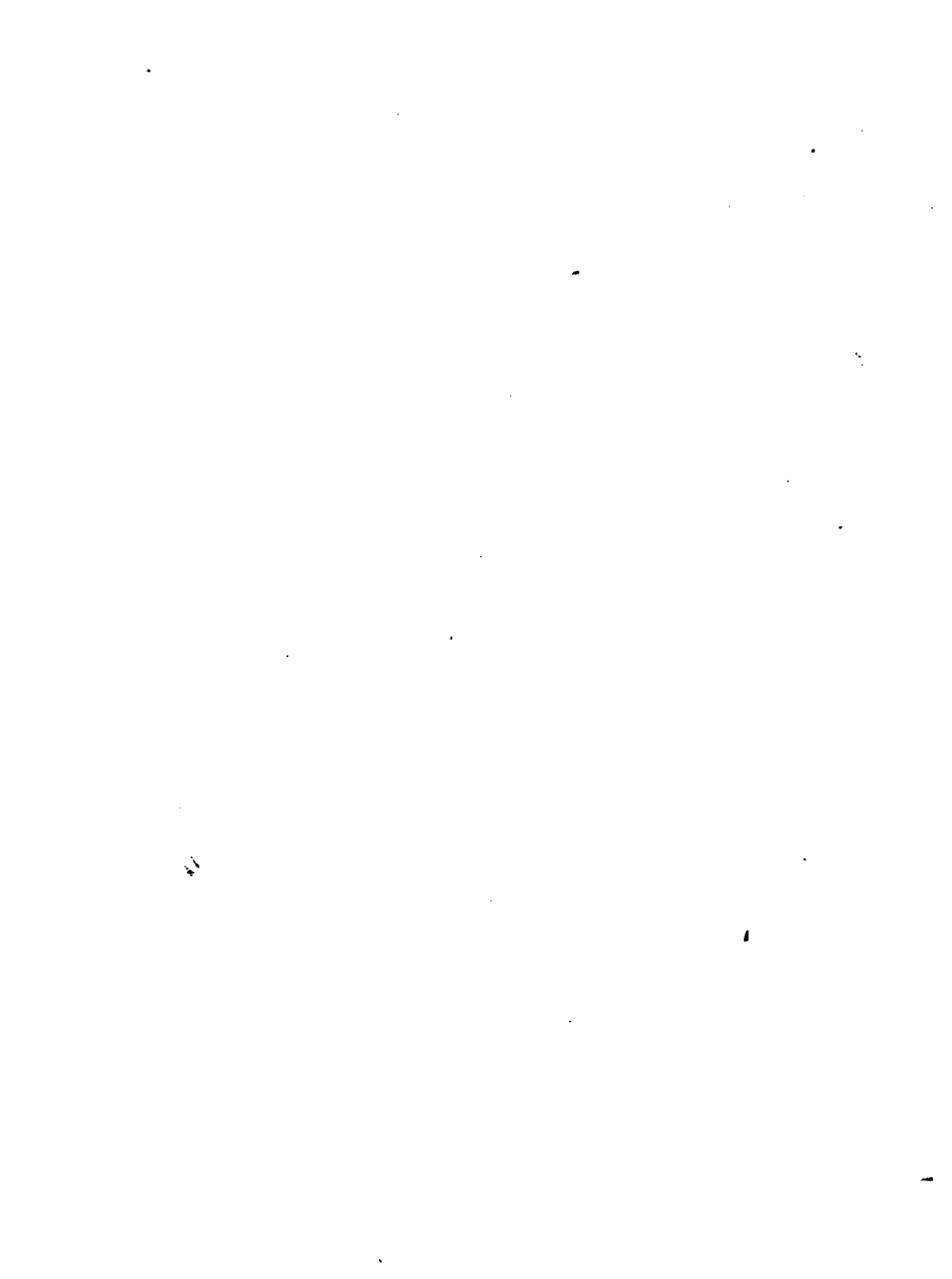
"Whilst we were waiting for the procession from the prison chapel, the doctor was in conversation with Marwood. The hangman was positively *jubilant*, rubbing his hands and exclaiming, 'The eyes of the whole civilised world are upon us this morning, doctor. This is the grandest execution of the nineteenth century!' When the procession at last appeared, Marwood stepped forward in a theatrical manner, and flung out his arm to stop the condemned man, in

order that he might pinion him. His manacles, he said, were a patent of his own. A broad belt of leather went round the waist, with straps and handcuffs attached on each side in front, which confined the hands. Two more straps at the back confined the elbows, so that the prisoner was exactly like a trussed fowl.

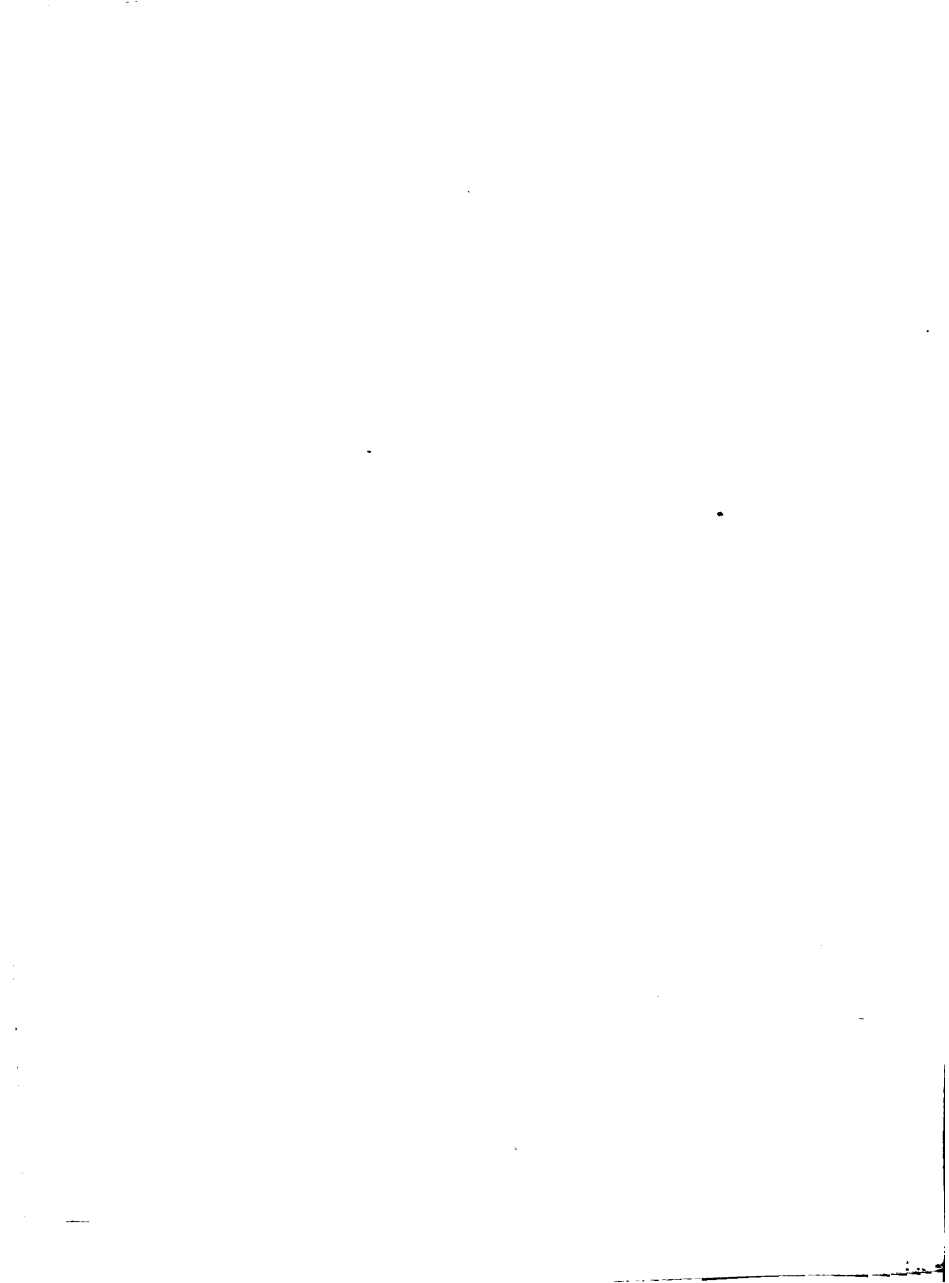
"A priest on each side of Brady was reading the service for the dead, but Brady took no notice and never seemed to hear. The whole time he was distinctly muttering to himself, over and over again, '*Poor ould Ireland! poor ould Ireland!*'

"When Marwood had adjusted the rope, he literally danced round his victim; and just before pulling the bolt he said, 'Now then, hold back your head, and you'll die easy.' The doctor was standing on a chair immediately under the drop, so as to examine the body the instant it had fallen; and he took out his watch to note how long the pulse beat after death. Dr. Carte himself was not present at this execution, and his representative was an extremely cool young fellow, who is now an army surgeon. It was thought that the immense strength of Brady (who was a left-handed man, by the way) might tempt him to give trouble on the scaffold, but he behaved very quietly, and with extreme bravery. It was odd to see in what a free-and-easy way he mounted the stone steps leading to the gallows, first one shoulder forward, then the other. His death was instantaneous."

Few members of the present staff of Kilmainham remember these fateful days ; indeed, I believe that warder Beattie is the only one who was in the prison in 1882. The Governors during the period which has been under consideration were, respectively, Captain St. George Gray, Captain Rudolph Gildea, and Mr. J. Leslie-Beers, J.P. The two former are dead, and Mr. Leslie-Beers has retired from the service ; I had several interviews with him, and he was kind enough to give me a great deal of information. I believe that Mr. Parnell was in Mr. Leslie-Beers's keeping for a while ; and amongst the better-known of his political prisoners may be named Mr. Carew, B.L. (the new Member for the College Green Division of Dublin), Mr. P. O'Brien, Mr. Wilfred Blunt, Father Keller, Father Ryan, and Father McFadden.







MAY 28 1943

